This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07575683 7

THE MESSIAH.

VOL. II.

PUBLIC LIBRARY
245234
1902

THE MESSIAH.

CANTO VIII.

245234
1982

THE MESSIAH.

CANTO VIII.

THE MESSIAH.

CANTO VIII.

COME, heavenly Muse! Thou who on Sion's mount
Didst hear of old Judah's rapt minstrel strike
His harp of inspiration, while he sung
The Holy One forsaken by his God,
The Mighty One in death! Oh teach my lips
To chaunt those sacred strains! Through the deep gloom
Of crucifixion's darkness lend thine aid
To guide my feeble steps! Though o'er my soul
Mysterious horror creeps, yet would I view
The Holy Suff'rer, see his glazing eye
Close stiffly, mark death's hue upon his cheek,
Death in his open wounds! I would behold
The blood of reconcilement! See, in death

Struggling, he quivers, — faintly droops his brow—
Again he bleeds — he bows in murky shades
His sacred head — the Saviour speaks no more!

Scarce e'en to angels visible, so swift
His rapid flight, from Heaven's eternal throne
Eloa downwards sped. In his left hand
His shining crown he bore, his right sustain'd
His golden trump, and with its pow'rful blast
The circling planets in their courses rang.
" Hallow this day," the mighty Seraph cried,
" Let adoration rise from each bright sphere
" To Heav'n's dread judgment seat! The hour is come,
" Hallow this day! The hour of gloom is come!
" Behold they bring the Victim!" Through the sky
The shout resounded, Heav'n's vast concave heard;
Yet was the Seraph's flight already past,
Already over Golgotha he soar'd.
There, at his call, earth's guardian seraphim
In haste assembled, and around him clos'd
Their beamy circle: but with solemn mien
He left the radiant zone, and to the hill
Slowly descended. Silent there he stood.

Thrice to the dust, in deep prostration bent,
He bow'd his face; then rising stretch'd to Heav'n
His outspread arms, and gaz'd with awe intense
On the Messiah, who from far beneath,
By multitudes surrounded, slowly bent
His steps towards Golgotha, and bore the weight
(Far heavier than his cross) of earth's dread doom.
Eloa saw, and dropping toward the hill
His outstretch'd arms, exclaim'd in solemn tone: —
" Hear me, ye Heav'ns, and shout! Listen, oh Hell,
" And tremble! In the name of that dread God
" Yet unappeas'd — in His, the Saviour's name,
" Who comes to shed his blood — and in the name
" Of that great Spirit, whose celestial ray
" Cleanses the sinner's heart — I consecrate
" Thee, Golgotha, for the Messiah's death!
" Oh holy, holy, holy, is the Lord,
" Who was, and is, and shall be!" Awe-entranc'd
The Seraph paus'd. His sparkling radiancy
Faded to twilight paleness as he stood
Slowly he dropp'd his folded hands tow'rds him,
The Man of Sorrows, who his pond'rous cross
Dragg'd up the hill. Amaz'd, Eloa saw

How 'neath the load he stagger'd, and to earth
Postrate the Seraph fell, and in low tones
Breath'd forth his prayer : " Oh thou, who comest thus
" To thine own altar, there to die a death
" Most wondrous, most compassionate ! Oh thou,
" Creator, Man, Mysterious Son of those
" Whose bodies moulder in the sepulchre !
" While tears of infancy in Beth'lem's vale
" Dropp'd from thine eye, we shouted jubilees.
" To Golgotha's abasement lo thou com'st,
" And mute in awe we stand, with louder strains
" Of deeper admiration to burst forth !
" Oh Son of God and Man ! accomplisher
" Of all most high, most wonderful, most good !
" Restorer of peace-giving innocence,
" Or (as thy chosen race entitle thee)
" Thou Lamb which wilt be slain ! Oh hear my prayer !
" Hear the low voice which from this dust, where soon
" Thy life-blood will be shed, thus calls on thee !
" When dim thine eye shall close; when o'er thy cheek
" The hues of death shall spread; when Heav'n's whole host
" Trembling shall flee away, and none but God

" Shall view with fix'd and unaverted gaze
" The dying Suff'rer; then from the dark shroud
" Of midnight gloom, in which thou wilt breathe out
" Thy parting spirit, aid my fainting strength!
" Uphold my frame, lest I should feebly sink
" Amid earth's yawning graves, and while around
" My dizzy sight appall'd creation reels
" In shadowy twilight, let me see thee die!
" E'en now, oh death, thou com'st! Mysterious death
" Of man's Redeemer! From earth's firstborn son
" To that scarce conscious soul whose infant breath,
" But just inhal'd, shall suddenly be stopp'd
" By the loud blast of resurrection's trump,
" Thou wilt atone for all! When from the cross
" As with creative voice Christ shall exclaim,
" 'It is accomplish'd!' Hail redeeming death!
" Blood of atonement hail! Hail ransom'd race!
" Behold with shouts ye come, your glitt'ring robes
" Wash'd in your Saviour's blood!" Eloa ceas'd.
Earth's angel guardians now round Golgotha
The Seraph gather'd. Borne on floating clouds
Quickly they throng'd the mountain's rounded brow.
Some hover'd o'er the cedars, and in thought

Deeply absorb'd, pac'd light with airy tread
Their tufted summits. On the temple's height
Eloa took his station. Vast the host!
Tremendous servants of Omnipotence!
Angels of death, of judgment, guides of men,
Guardians of future Christians, those who watch'd
The early martyrs, and thence claim their stand
Nearest His throne for whom the martyrs bled.

Gabriel meantime, by the Redeemer sent,
Pursued on pinions swift, whose silver tones
Thrill'd through the beaten air, his onward flight,
And reach'd the shining temple of the sun.
There to th' assembled patriarchs he exclaim'd,
" Fathers I come to summon ye! Behold,"
(And with a trembling hand tow'rd Golgotha
The Seraph pointed,) " where up yonder mount
" The Saviour drags his cross! 'Tis Golgotha,
" The hill of death! On that yet steeper height,
" Which rears its forked summit to the sky,
" Already has he borne mysterious doom.
" Follow me there! Thence shall ye soon behold
" His blood for you and for your children shed.

" Come ye redeem'd ones! Lo he hastes to free
" Your offspring yet unborn!" With eager tone
Thus spoke the Seraph, while in speechless awe
The patriarchs listen'd. Mingled joy and grief
Their utt'rance chok'd, and silently they wing'd
Their rapid flight. Quicker alone darts on
The thought of pious contemplation, while
From star to star it wanders. Gabriel led
The shining troop, and soon o'er Olivet
Hov'ring they soar'd. The ground first Adam touch'd,
And prostrate sunk. " Once more, fair Earth," he cried,
" Land of my birth, I view thee! Since that day,
" That long past day, when to thy peaceful lap,
" Maternal Earth, my body was restor'd,
" My foot no more has press'd thy plains, now fill'd
" With ashes of the dead! Behold, again
" I view and greet thee, Earth! I greet your tombs,
" Ye mould'ring ashes! Hail, my children, hail,
" For ye shall rise! Oh wondrous hour, which thus
" So near approaches, with triumphant joy
" Lo Adam greets thee! Thou from Earth shalt take
" The burden of the curse! Hark! o'er her dust
" The blessing of the bleeding victim sounds!

" Behold him — Hallelujah ! Lo he comes !
" The Son of Man, the Holy One, draws near;
" Alas to death he comes !" Adam now paus'd,
Striving to check the agony which shook
His trembling spirit, and in silence gaz'd.

Eloa, from the temple's pinnacle
Beheld the patriarchs, turning thence his sight
High round the cross, in triumph wild, he saw
Adramelech and Satan proudly soar.
Satan exulting in believ'd success,
Both in anticipated deeds of woe.
Eloa view'd them, as in circles vast
Aloft o'er earth they veer'd on rapid wing,
Measuring Heav'n's boundless vault, and up he sprung,
Glorious in splendour, to arrest their course
And chase the rebels. His refulgent rays
On this tremendous day with fiercer gleam
Incessant flash'd. Around him as he flew
God's terrors spread; the zephyr's lightest breath
Swell'd to a storm before him; his approach
Rush'd like the coming of a host, whose tread
Shatters the solid rock. Swift was his flight;

Light flash'd, and echoes rung at his advance.
The rebels saw and heard. In vain they strove
To hide their terror; stern and still each stood
Black with amaze. So dark, so motionless,
Hell's gloomy rocks frown o'er her sullen deep.
Quick as the lightning's flash Eloa's wing
Cut the dividing space; sudden he stood
Before the rebels, and commanding spoke:—
" Ye who have names alone in Hell, begone!
" Ye see where yonder radiant circle shines,
" The hallow'd precincts quit! Begone! So far
" As those blest spirits shed their utmost rays
" There hover not in air, crawl not on earth!"
Thus bade the Seraph: but like clouds surcharg'd
On alpine summits, which collect in haste,
Within their rolling volume's gloomy bulk,
The angry thunder that soon bursting forth
Roars through the winding vale; so stood the fiends
Threat'ning resistance. Fury's fellest scowl,
The vengeance of despair, frown'd on their brows;
Their eyeballs roll'd in fire. Eloa gaz'd
With eye majestic on them, and exclaim'd,
" Speak not, but fly! Came I for conquest arm'd

" With that victorious strength Jehovah gave,
" My arm, ere this, had hurl'd ye from my sight
" With Heav'n's resistless thunderbolts. But no,
" I come in the meek name of Adam's Son,
" Who yonder (turn and view him,) bears his cross!
" Lo, in his name, Hell's mighty conqueror,
" I bid ye fly!" Blacker than night they fled;
Swift terror at their heels urg'd on their course,
And plung'd them, 'mid Gomorrah's ruin'd tow'rs,
Deep in the bitter lake. Th' angelic host,
The patriarchal band, beheld their flight;
While to the temple's topmost pinnacle
Eloa, bright in splendour, quick return'd.

Meantime, the Saviour to the hill of death
Had now arriv'd. Faint at its foot he sunk,
Spent with fatigue; and the bloodthirsty mob
Forc'd an affrighted traveller, whose path
Had led him down the steep, to take the cross,
Now sinking from the Saviour's wearied arms.
Amid the crowd who follow'd, some bewail'd,
With mournful cries, his fate; yet vainly flow'd
Their fruitless sorrow: little knew they Him

Whom loudly thus they wept, their inmost hearts
Still cleav'd to vanity. Pity, indeed,
Bedimm'd their eyes; but theirs was fleeting woe,
Frail nature's impulse. The Redeemer heard
Their clam'rous grief, and turning, thus exclaim'd:— 220
" Ye daughters of Jerusalem, weep not
" For me, but for yourselves! Yes, for yourselves
" And for your children weep! For now, behold,
" The days approach in which they shall exclaim,
" ' Blest are the barren! Happy she, whose breast
" ' Has ne'er an infant nourish'd!' They shall cry,
" ' Fall on our heads, ye hills! Ye tow'ring rocks
" ' Crush us beneath your weight!' For if to me
" These things are done, where shall the sinner stand?"
Now had the Saviour gain'd the mountain's top 230
And upward gaz'd to Heav'n. With busy speed
The soldiers fix'd his cross, sinking its base
Deep mid the scatter'd bones. High rear'd it stood
Aloft to Heav'n. The solemn morn yet gleam'd
In softest twilight; through the balmy air
Myriads of insects yet on tiny wings,
Threaded their mazy circles. But at once
Earth, in her deepest and most inward caves,

Began to vibrate. O'er her trembling face
Swept the fierce tempest, and with hollow roar
Howl'd mid the rocks. Before its rushing blast
The tall cross shook. In silence, at its base,
Stood the Messiah. Adam gaz'd on him,
Nor longer could refrain; with glowing cheek,
With backward-streaming hair, with open arms,
Down on the utmost verge of Golgotha
Rapid he flew, and prostrate sunk to earth.
No longer mortal, in his lifted eye
Heav'n brightly beam'd: in ecstasy he wept.
Deep swell'd his heart with wonder, sorrow, joy,
With immortality. At length in words
His soul found vent: he gaz'd upon the graves
Which lay beneath, and while the list'ning hosts
Heard his pray'r's lowest accent, he exclaim'd, —
" Oh, no — e'en angels have no name for thee!
" When, in thy love absorb'd, they fain would speak
" Of thine unnumber'd, glorious attributes,
" They can but weep! Lo, while I call thee Son,
" Like them my words forsake me, and I weep!
" Art thou my Son? Oh, how may I sustain
" This wond'rous weight of joy, this load of woe?

" Jesus! Behold him, all ye seraphim,
" Behold the Son of Adam! Lend your voice,
" Ye starry heav'ns, that o'er creation's space
" Loudly my shout may ring ' The Victim comes!'
" Rise from the dust, my sons, oh lift your heads,
" And weep for joy! Lo, at his grave's dark brink
" Your Saviour stands! It is for you he dies!
" Ye, then, who dwell in golden palaces,
" Cast off your crowns, and come to worship him!
" Ye, who in clay-built tenements reside,
" Leave your low huts and come! Ye hear me not!
" Earth, strew'd with graves, and ripe for doom, hears not!
" Yet Thou, most gracious Suff'rer, thou wilt still
" Accomplish all thy merciful design!
" Alas! anguish unspeakable o'erwhelms
" My inmost spirit. See, he goes to death!
" Omnipotent Jehovah, Judge of Earth,
" Strengthen thy finite creature! Lend thine aid,
" Oh Thou who giv'st thy Son to suffer death,
" To me, the first of sinners, me, whose frame
" Hath seen corruption in the sepulchre!"

Meantime, beneath the cross, He who in Heav'n
Is nam'd ' Eternal ' veil'd awhile his face

With his right hand, and bending as in pray'r,
Utter'd low accents which no seraph's ear,
No finite faculties might comprehend.
Jehovah, from the judgment throne, replied,
And deep through Heav'n the answer's echo rung.
Then shook the judgment seat, and tow'rds the Lord
Advanc'd the soldiers. Meantime, in their course,
The circling planets reach'd with whirling speed
Th' appointed spot, whence, stay'd in their career,
They should proclaim the Saviour's death. They stood!
Faint sunk the thunder of their clanging poles
To deepest silence. All creation paus'd
To solemnize the hour of sacrifice.
E'en thou, the world of sinners and of graves,
The sepulchre of Him who died for thee,
Thou in thine orbit paus'd! The angels strain'd
With all the pow'rs of immortality
Their eager sight. Jehovah gaz'd on earth
And held her trembling orb which fainting shrunk!
Behold, the Father, He who was, and is,
Gaz'd on the Son! Jesus was crucified!

Bow low, my soul! Immortal though thou art,
E'en as the gazing angels — though thou hop'st

In Heav'n to see his wounds! Oh veil thyself!
Bend at the lowest foot of his high cross,
And clasping it in adoration, wait
Till once again thy trembling voice may sound!

Speechless, as if creation vanquish'd lay
By Death's depopulating arm and slept
Corruption's sleep; as if no living thing
The empty worlds inhabited: so still,
So speechless, stood the whole seraphic host,
So mute the spirits of the patriarchs gaz'd
On Him, the Crucified. But when his life
Began its conflict, when his sacred blood
First gushing ran, loud into voice burst forth
Th' angelic host. They shouted, wept; once more
Heav'n rung with adoration's fervent tones.
His face Eloa turn'd, then gaz'd again
With looks intense upon the Sufferer,
And to the Heav'n of Heav'ns sudden he sprang,
Shouting in accents, like the rushing course
Of some huge planet,—"The Redeemer bleeds!"
Then through th' unmeasur'd deep downwards he plung'd
And cried in thunder,—"The Redeemer bleeds!"

With gentler flight again to earth he sped,
Again, in mute amazement rapt, he gaz'd.
As in his earthward course he pass'd the spheres,
Near their bright altars in each sun, he saw
Archangels stand, while from each golden fane
Flames ruddy as the morning's crimson blush,
Glow'd brightly upward to th' Eternal Throne.
So glow'd the hill of Sinai to the sight
Of Israel's favour'd people. Brightly thus
Rose from the tabernacle of the Ark
The fiery pillar wreathing through the clouds
To guide the chosen nation on its way.
Still bled the Saviour. From his lofty cross
He gaz'd upon the Jews, whose crowded mass
From Golgotha e'en to Jerusalem
Tumultuous throng'd, and bending low his head,
" Father, forgive them," the Redeemer cried,
" They know not what they do !" Accents of love !
Ye, through the hosts of gazing seraphim
Excited speechless wonder ! They beheld
The bleeding Suff'rer, saw his fading cheek
O'erspread with hues of death, the bitt'rest death !
So much to mortal eye was visible,
But to æthereal sight far deeper spread

The scene of mystery. They saw his life,
His mighty life impregnable by death,
Were death not arm'd by God himself, now strive
In fatal conflict. They beheld, amaz'd,
What horrors shook his dying frame; how faint,
By God forsaken, on the cross he hung!
They understood for whom his precious blood
Thus copious flow'd: they knew what healing pow'r,
What full atonement, from each gaping wound
Gush'd richly forth. Behold to Heaven he lifts
His wearied eye; he seeks, but finds no rest!
With each successive instant's passing stroke
He dies a fearful death, and finds no rest!
Meantime o'er one, whose eyes were soon to close
To the pale light of a scarce earthly dawn,
From this fresh open'd fount of mercy flow'd
The balm of joy and peace. Two criminals
With Jesus had been crucified; so deep
Th' abasement God's inscrutable decree
Will'd him to suffer. High on either side
The malefactors hung. One, grey in guilt,
His pain-distorted visage scowling turn'd
Tow'rds the Redeemer, and in scorn exclaim'd, —

" If thou be Christ, descend! Why hang'st thou here
" On this accursed tree? Escape thyself
" And save us, if thou canst!" With just reproof,
His younger comrade, who in life's first bloom
By sin seduc'd, had wander'd from the path
His heart yet lov'd, rous'd from his pangs, exclaim'd,—
" Hast thou no fear of God, near as thou art
" To death and judgment? Rightly we indeed
" Suffer these torments for our deeds of guilt;
" But this just man is innocent!" This said,
He turn'd to Jesus, and with effort strove
To bow himself before him. Widely gap'd
His straining wounds, and in increasing stream
His warm blood pour'd at the attempt. In vain!
He heeded not his opening wounds, nor shrunk
At his blood's torrent. Deep he bow'd his head,
And to the Saviour supplicating cried,—
" Oh, when to thy dominion thou shalt come,
" Then, Lord, remember me!" With gracious smile
Th' expiring Saviour view'd the penitent.
" To-day," he answer'd, " yea, this very day
" Shalt thou join me in Paradise!" Deep sunk
The words of life on the believer's heart;

They pierc'd his soul, with ecstasy he thrill'd.
His ardent eye henceforward turn'd no more
From his Redeemer: on the Lord of Life
Its tearful gaze, till clos'd by death, he fix'd;
And thus he falter'd forth, while life yet throbb'd,
His new-rais'd hopes of immortality: —
" Oh what am I become? May joy and grief
" Succeed thus quickly? What ecstatic sense
" Of blessedness is this? Ah, who is he
" Upon the cross? A just, a holy Man?
" Oh more, much more, He is the Son of God,
" The promis'd Saviour! His dominion spreads
" Far, far, beyond this earth its glorious sway!
" But lo, to what abasement does he stoop!
" To ignominious death, and deeper yet,
" To look on me! Though in this mystery
" My soul is lost; though in the grasp of death
" Struggling she trembles, yet she feels, amaz'd,
" Life newly giv'n. Oh thou, whom blindly here
" In ignorance I worship, teach my soul
" Throughout eternity to praise thy name!
" Greater than angel art thou. Pow'r divine
" Alone to Heav'n could thus exalt my soul!

" Yes, thou art God, and I am ever thine !"
He ceas'd in rapture. Wheresoe'er he look'd,
From heav'n to earth, all seem'd to smile on him ;
God's peace was with him. By a glance meantime
The Saviour summon'd from the shining ring
The seraph Abdiel. Swift, with duteous haste,
From Golgotha's steep verge Abdiel advanc'd,
And stood beneath the cross. " When loos'd by death
" Abdiel, bring thou this ransom'd soul to me,"
Was the divine command. Back to his post
The Seraph flew, and to his crowding peers
Thus spoke his mission : — " Joyful is my charge !
" I shall the soul of yonder penitent
" Bring to his Saviour, when, by death made free,
" It wakes to endless life ! This happy soul,
" This sinner thus redeem'd, thus snatch'd from Hell,
" Sav'd in the very hour when, for lost man,
" Th' atoning Victim dies ; this soul, by blood
" Now wash'd so pure ; by God himself bestow'd
" On Him, who for its reconcilement dies,
" I shall conduct to Christ !" As Abdiel spoke
In ecstasy his accents faintly dropp'd.

Meantime, upon the highest solar hill,
Uriel, the sun's bright regent, stood prepar'd
For instant flight. The moment now was come,
And, on his mission, swiftly up he sprang
On radiant wing, and steer'd his lonely flight
Tow'rds a far planet, which, by God's behest,
He, from its course, should summon to the sun,
To shroud in gloom, more fearful than the shades
Of Nature's darkness, that tremendous hour
When thou, the world's Redeemer, should'st expire!
Already in the planet's path he stood,
And call'd the star by its celestial name, —
" Adamida! He, who in boundless space
" First bid thee roll, now charges thee to quit
" Thy wonted orbit, and before yon sun
" Spread thy huge bulk!" The powerful command,
E'en through the distant heav'ns, distinct was heard.
As, o'er the mountains of Adamida,
The sound reverberated deep, the star,
Amaz'd, turn'd on her thund'ring poles. Loud rang
Air's sounding echoes, while with frightful speed
Whirl'd through the still and pausing universe,
Her mountains falling, her uplifted seas

Bursting their shores, in clouds and tempests wrapt,
Adamida advancing flew. Firm stood
The mighty Seraph on her axle's point,
But heard the tumult not, so deep his thoughts
On Golgotha were fix'd. With thund'ring speed
Forward the planet flew, already gain'd
The sun's far-spread dominion, and approach'd
His blazing orb; then, slack'ning in her course,
Slowly before the mighty disk she drew,
And drank its farthest rays. While o'er the earth
Th' advancing twilight crept, hush'd were all sounds,
Darker and darker grew the shade, more still
The silent earth. Pale-gleaming shadows stretch'd
Their dubious melancholy forms across
Her dark'ning surface. To their leafy groves
Mute flew the birds; all creatures of the earth,
E'en to the worm, affrighted slunk away
To their lone dens. The very air stirr'd not,
But death-like stillness reign'd. Panting for breath
Man look'd to Heav'n; but dark and darker yet,
Blacker than midnight, grew the vaulted sky.
Adamida now stood. The sun's last beams
She had extinguish'd. In terrific shade
Earth's silent plains lay stretch'd. High mid the gloom,

Upon his lofty cross, the Saviour hung,
And with the Suff'rer's blood the damps of death
Began to mingle. Still before his feet
Earth lay in mute amaze. So, speechless lies
Beside th' untimely grave of blooming youth
Some wretched mourner. Motionless and mute,
He sheds no tear, when sudden o'er his soul
Shoots a fierce pang of agony, he starts,
And shudd'ring writhes. So speechless lay the earth,
So, with convulsive shock at once she heav'd.
E'en to its base reel'd Golgotha: the cross
Swung through the murky air, and with fresh flow
New streams of life gush'd from the Victim's wounds.
Over the hill of death, the Temple's pile,
O'er thee, Jerusalem, the fearful gloom
Portentous hung. E'en the celestial host
Beheld their lustre in the dismal shade
Fade visibly. Still flow'd the Saviour's blood!
Rooted to earth with fear the people stood,
And gaz'd with glances wild upon the cross.
In fearful stream still pour'd th' atoning blood,
On theirs and on their children's heads it fell!
Vainly they strove to turn their eyes away,
Terror's resistless impulse tow'rd the cross

Compell'd them still to gaze. A flush of life
Spread for a moment o'er the Saviour's face
Its fleeting hue, then vanish'd, and appear'd
Again no more. His pallid cheek in death
Visibly sunk; his head, with a world's doom
O'erburden'd, dropp'd upon his breast. In vain
Tow'rd Heav'n he faintly strove to raise his brow;
Again it sank. Round Golgotha the sky
Hung like the gloomy arch which darkly hides
In some deep sepulchre the mouldering corpse,
Sullen, terrific, silent! O'er the cross
Gather'd the thickest night, and shed deep gloom
Wide from her sable wings; while with her shade
Silence so death like, so appalling, spread,
That e'en the angels trembled. Hark! 'Tis past!
Marshall'd by no preparing sound, a roar
Shakes the affrighted earth! Within their tombs
The dead bones quak'd, the temple reeling shook
E'en to its highest pinnacle. The roar
Announc'd the whirlwind, — with wild speed it came
Howling amid the cedars, and uptorn
The crashing cedars fell! Hoarse moan'd the blast
O'er proud Jerusalem's devoted towers,
And to their base they trembled. With loud peal

Then broke the thunder, and the lightning's bolt
Plung'd in th' Asphaltic Lake: the flashing waves
Flung high their angry spray, while heaven and earth
Resounded with the yell. The fearful storm
Eloa view'd, and in his mighty soul
Rose thoughts of enterprize tremendous. Fain
Jehovah would he view, in darkness rob'd,
Fain would he face to face earth's Judge behold, —
God in his fearful majesty. Three times
In adoration tow'rd the cross he bent,
Then upward sprang to heav'n. Through the bright spheres
He sped his course, though to his troubled sight
The heavenly path shone dim. Ere yet he reach'd
Heav'n's sun-girt verge, two fearful forms he met,
Angels of death, their faces deeply veil'd,
And mute with awe he wing'd his onward flight.

Meantime pale Silence on the earth again
Stood with benumbing foot. Upon the cross
All eyes were fix'd: but chief, with bitterest woe,
The mother of mankind contemplated
The Saviour visibly expiring thus
In ling'ring pain. While at the sight of grief

Her sorrow-streaming eye in darkness swam,
Its sinking glance fell on a mortal form,
Who mute in anguish stood beside the cross.
It was a female shape: her languid head
Droop'd faintly down; weak was her step; her cheek
Pallid with fear and grief. In her fix'd eye
No tear was visible; but cold and dumb,
Like Death's pale image motionless she stood.
" She is his mother !" Eve exclaim'd. " Alas !
" Her sorrow marks it — so bereft stood I,
" So pale, so mute, when Abel's bloody corse
" Before his altar lay. I know thy grief,
" Thou art his mother !" Still, with pitying glance,
Eve, on the mother of the Lord thus gaz'd,
When from the east with slow and solemn flight
Two messengers of death approach'd. They came,
Silently soaring, near and nearer still.
Their eyes were flames; upon their frowning brows
Destruction sat; their robes were black as night.
Full tow'rds the hill of crucifixion steer'd
Their dreadful wings. From God's high throne they came,
And hover'd, arm'd with terrors, o'er the cross.
Then sank th' affrighted patriarchs to the earth.

O'er their immortal souls swam ghastly shapes,
Remembrances of death, and through their frames
(Æthereal as they were) a shudder faint
Thrill'd like corruption. Now on Golgotha
The angels stood, and face to face beheld
Th' expiring Suff'rer: then arising, turn'd
To right and left, in contrary career
Spreading their sounding pinions. Solemnly,
With death-presaging flight, seven times the cross
They slowly compass'd. With two sable wings
They veil'd their feet, two o'er their faces clos'd,
With two they flew. From each broad spreading van
Low death-tones peal'd. So murm'ring rise the groans
Of dying agony to the sad ear
Of one who, pitying, treads the crimson field
Of recent slaughter, and sees thousands lie
Welt'ring in blood around. Shudd'ring he flies
But ah, the sob of death still meets his ear!
Another and another yet expires!
The terrors of incens'd Omnipotence
The dreadful angels bore, and as they flew,
Horrors intense from each dark pinion dropp'd.
When in their circling course the seventh time

Around the cross they wheel'd, his weary head
The dying Suff'rer rais'd; gaz'd on their forms,
Then look'd to Heav'n and cried inaudibly: —
" Oh take these terrors from me! Well I know
" The sound of those dread wings! Judge of the World,
" Ah cease!" He spoke, and bled afresh. Their flight
The sable messengers of death then sped
Upward to Heav'n; behind them, mid the host
Of gazing spirits, leaving keen-felt woe,
Terrific thoughts, mute wonder: while the veil
Of deepest myst'ry hung inscrutable
O'er God's dark will. With fear's congealing glance
Now on each other, on the graves, tow'rds Heav'n,
Alternately all look'd: but still to him
Who mid the darkness yet extended hung
In blood upon the cross, their eyes return'd.

Amid the countless hosts no mournful eye
Such bitter anguish spoke, no heav'nly frame
Heav'd with such woe as thine, repentant Eve!
See, how her ray-crown'd head she bends to earth,
The grave of all her children! On the dust
Now she reposes her afflicted brow,

Now, rising, clasps before her darken'd face
Her trembling hands. Behold, again she sinks,
Again uprising, with scarce conscious gaze
Looks through the gloom! Deep frown'd the thicken'd shade;
Around her yawn'd the graves: where'er she turn'd
Her sorrowing eyes thick lay the scatter'd bones;
All underneath was death! At length in tones
Broken, yet sweet with Heav'n's own harmony,
She thus exclaim'd:—"Oh may I call thee Son?
"By that dear name address thee? Wilt thou not
"Turn from me thine expiring eye? Oh no!
"Saviour of me and mine, e'en my dark guilt
"Thou hast forgiven! Heav'n rejoicing rung,
"Th' Eternal Throne re-echoed with thy voice
"Of pardoning love, which gave immortal life
"To Eve, the first of sinners: But alas,
"Behold thou diest! True, thine eternal grace
"Has wrought my pardon — but alas, thou diest!
"The thought sweeps like a whirlwind through my soul,
"And chains my immortal spirit to the grave
"It erst had left! Oh suffer me to weep,
"Thou Son of God! Thou art indeed too great,

" Too lofty for my tears — yet let me weep !
" Forgive my bursting sorrow ! Mediator,
" Redeemer, gracious Prince of peace and love,
" Thou hast forgiven me ! Oh curse me not !
" Curse not your mother, children, when in dust
" Ye breathe your last-drawn sigh ! Oh curse her not !
" Alas, for you in sorrow flow'd my life ;
" Sad was my parting hour ; my briny tears
" But moulder'd with my corse ! Behold, henceforth
" Your Saviour's wounds shall o'er your dying couch
" Shed balmy peace, the joys of endless life !
" Ye shall not rest in death — ye shall but sleep
" To wake with him in glory ! Then these wounds,
" These blood-distilling wounds, by him thus borne
" Who dies and lives again, radiant shall shine !
" Then curse me not, my children, ye shall rise !
" But ah— my Son (alas ! I scarce may speak
" Thy blessed name), thou diest ! Oh that this hour,
" This fearful hour, were past ! Still paler fades
" His dying cheek, his wounds yet faster bleed,
" Lower and lower drops his head divine,
" He breathes in death ! Oh Death, I know thy sound,
" I hear thy voice ! Where am I ? Lo he turns

" Tow'rd me his face! Oh joy, Oh love supreme!
" E'en me, the guilty mother of mankind,
" With mercy he beholds! His glance sheds peace,
" And calms my spirit's tumult! Lo to Him,
" Creator of the earth, I lift mine eye;
" My hands, in adoration clasp'd, I raise
" To Him, ye children, who there dies for you,
" And pour my blessing on ye! By his name
" Whom heav'n nor earth contains, Judge of the World,
" Reviver of the dead, Saviour of Man,
" Here dying on the cross, who pitying counts
" The tears of penitence; by his deep wounds,
" His blood, his sinking head, his languid eye,
" His brow o'erhung with Death's cold dew, in peace
" Eve solemnly bequeaths ye to the tomb!"

THE MESSIAH.

CANTO IX.

CANTO IX.

Back from Jehovah's throne with thoughtful brow
Eloa downwards flew, sail'd on broad wing
Over the Temple, and on Olivet
Slowly descending, join'd the patriarch band.
" Oh fall in lowly worship to the earth !"
The awe-struck Seraph cried, " ere I may speak !"
And instantly all prostrate sunk to earth
In silent adoration. Not a sound
Broke on the solemn pause; till they arose,
When thus Eloa spoke. " To him I soar'd
" Whom thought itself approaches not, whose Name
" By language is not spoken ! Face to face
" I would contemplate Earth's tremendous Judge,
" Would see the unappeas'd Divinity
" In sable terror clad; fain would I view
" God in his fearful majesty. I reach'd
" The rolling Suns, pale were their faded beams !
" I stood on Heav'n's wide verge, but faint and dim
" Her struggling radiance shone ! At length I reach'd

" Jehovah's awful throne: there all around
" Darker and darker, e'en to blackest night,
" Grew the tremendous gloom. Vain are my words,
" I cannot paint the shade, I cannot speak
" The terrors of th' eternal throne! Afar,
" Methought I heard, through mute creation's pause,
" The sullen roar of Hell's tumultuous waves.
" Slowly I still advanc'd, when suddenly
" The voice of Death's chief Angel sternly cried,
" ' Who ventures thus so near on finite wing?'
" Abash'd I drew me back, and trembling sunk
" In speechless worship!" Thus Eloa spoke,
And veil'd his face.

Meantime, upon his breast
The Saviour's head had sunk, as if in sleep.
E'en the loud din of the blaspheming crew
Had dropp'd to silence, as the angry swell
Of heaving ocean sinks into repose
Upon some level shore. Those who still lov'd
Their heav'nly Master wander'd pale and mute
Round Golgotha, or gain'd some distant height
Whence they might yet behold with weeping eyes

The dying Suff'rer. Each the other shunn'd,
Lest speech should but inflame their misery.
Only the mother of the Lord, with John,
Together yet remain'd. They parted not,
But silently beneath the Saviour's cross
Kept their sad station. He, who had with oaths
Denied his Lord, had neither night nor morn
Repos'd his weary foot, but restless stray'd
Seeking for peace in vain. Thus on the shore,
Scatter'd with bones and wreck, wanders a son
Whose father's bark against some jutting rock
Has just been riv'n. Speechless the mournful youth
Paces the coast, nor turns his tear dimm'd-eye
From the terrific spot where mangled lies
His father's corse. " Alas !" at length he cries,
" I left my parent in his utmost need
" Beneath yon boiling surge !" So faint, so wan
Stood Peter on a mount near Golgotha,
Dropping his hands, too feeble now to clasp
In sorrow's agony. His bitter grief
Orion, his protecting angel, view'd,
And shed some drops of peace ('twas all he might
Immortal as he was) within his breast.

Their soothing pow'r the sad disciple felt.
Once more, with strength renew'd, his eyes he rais'd,
And sought with wishful glance, his distant friends.
Fain would he now receive their just rebukes,
Accept their consolation. Yet he stood
Irresolute, and tow'rd Jerusalem
Gaz'd timidly — for on the hill of death,
The fearful Golgotha, he dar'd not look.
With penetrating eye he strove to trace
The haughty City's limits; but though vast
Her wall-girt circuit, high her massive tow'rs,
She lay, in dismal, melancholy shade,
Fearfully hid. Scarce might a dubious ray
With mournful glimmer mark her Temple's height,
Her lofty tow'rs. So lay Jerusalem.
Sudden to Peter's ear a murmur stole
Of foreign accents: from a group they rose,
Who to Jerusalem had lately come
To join the Feast, and now impatient press'd
To see th' expiring Prophet on the cross.
Peter amid the growing numbers hop'd
To find his comrades, but he sought in vain.
A man of swarthy hue, but richly clad

In foreign vesture, turning, spoke to one,
With hoary head and aspect grave, whose hand
Was fondly grasp'd by a young timid boy.
" Tell me," exclaim'd the foreigner, " the crimes
" Of him whom here they crucify ?" — " His crimes !"
The old man cried, " they hang him on the cross
" Because he heal'd the sick, made the lame walk,
" Gave hearing to the deaf, eyes to the blind,
" Drove from the wretches, (one of whom was I,)
" Possess'd by demons, the tormenting fiend !
" Because he rais'd the dead ! Because his word
" Open'd the gates of immortality
" To our rejoicing hopes ! But see !" (his eye,
As thus he spoke, on Peter turn'd,) " There stands
" One by the Prophet lov'd, chosen by him
" To witness all his miracles, and taught
" To worship God in holiness and truth !
" Tell us," to Simon he exclaim'd, " Oh tell
" This noble stranger, why that Holy One
" Hangs yonder on the cross ? Nay, Man of God,
" Turn not away thy face ! Thou knew'st him well !
" Thou wert his chosen one ! Brothers ne'er lov'd
" As thou and John lov'd him !" His pallid face

Peter still hid: not that again he shrunk
From recognition; he was ready now
Death boldly to confront, but through his soul
Such glowing mention of his love thrill'd deep.
" Alas, my friends!" with falt'ring voice he cried,
" He dies, the best of Beings!" Scarce could he
The struggling accents utter, and he fled.
The Minister of Ethiop's pow'rful Queen,
(He, who from Philip, by God's Spirit led,
In after times receiv'd baptismal grace,)
Tow'rd Golgotha, with Samma and his son,
Pursu'd their wond'ring course. Meantime, afar,
Peter beheld Lebbaus weeping stand
Reclining on a bent and wither'd tree,
And tow'rds him took his way. Near and more near
Slowly he drew; but still th' afflicted youth
Notic'd him not. At length in broken tones,
" Oh speak, Lebbaus!" Peter faintly cried;
" Hast thou beheld him hanging on yon cross?
" True thou art wretched; yet thy sorrowing eyes
" Still may'st thou venture tow'rd his cross to raise!
" But I — Oh comfort me! With burning wounds
" Behold my spirit struggles! Wilt thou not

" Give one short accent to console thy friend?
" Wilt thou not speak?" Lebbaus answer'd not.
In vain his feelings strove in sounds distinct
Utt'rance to find: yet were his streaming tears,
His pallid face not speechless. Peter turn'd.
Heavy with anguish sunk his heart: once more
Among the crowd he press'd, and to its stream
Passively yielded. Still disconsolate
He wander'd on, when to his startled sight
Two well-known figures suddenly approach'd.
Fain had he fled; but, " Know'st thou not thy friends?"
Arimathéan Joseph gently ask'd.
" Are we no more familiar to thy sight,
" Belov'd disciple of our heav'nly Lord?
" Lo, we are his disciples. We, alas!
" Awhile disguis'd our faith, but now behold
" Here stand we ready to acknowledge him
" To all the gather'd nation. His belief
" Already Nicodemus has avouch'd
" Before the Sanhedrim. To plead his cause
" Bold, with unhesitating zeal, he spoke.
" Alas! My tardy faith, by coward fears
" Weakly suppress'd, I own'd not, till at length

" When Nicodemus rose in holy scorn
" To quit those impious men, I followed him."
" Nay, vex not Joseph, thy repentant soul,"
His friend exclaim'd. " When thus thou follow'dst me
" Thou didst acknowledge him !" His eyes suffus'd
With glitt'ring tears Joseph to Heav'n now rais'd.
" Hear me, Oh God !" he cried. " Thou living God
" Of Abraham and of Jesus, hear my pray'r !
" Oh let me Him, whom, living, my weak faith
" Well nigh disown'd, acknowledge in his death
" Boldly in sight of all men !" While the pray'r
Rose to th' eternal throne, and granted there,
Drew down approval, Nicodemus turn'd
Again tow'rds Peter. " Simon," he exclaim'd,
" Why thus, with mournfully averted eyes,
" Stand'st thou so silently ? Alas ! my friend,
" We feel thy sorrow ; we, like thee, are pierc'd
" By each slow stroke of yonder ling'ring death,
" Suffer'd by that just Person ; death which now,
" E'en now perhaps, has aim'd its final blow !
" But ah, console us ! Tell us that thine eye
" Bears in its sadness no accusing glance
" 'Gainst those who but in secret weakly own'd

" Thy heav'nly Master!" As a storm-rent tree
Leans shiv'ring from the tempest, whose rough breath
Allows no respite, so bow'd Peter down
His trembling visage; till with bitter shame,
Deeply o'erwhelm'd, hiding his pallid face,
He turn'd and fled; in keener anguish yet
Seeking relief, for now to Golgotha
He bent his course, soon reach'd, with hurried step,
The hill's steep foot, and paus'd. With quicker heave
For breath he gasp'd, while slowly to the cross
His eyes he lifted: yet the Suff'rer's face
He dar'd not look upon! Beneath the cross
He saw the mother of the Lord, and John.
Both stood in sorrow rooted to the earth,
Both mute, both tearless. Others of the band,
Who had from Galilee accompanied
Their heav'nly Master, also stood around.
Though mean in parentage, though void of wealth,
Though by the world unmark'd, th' eternal Page
Has in its sacred record some bright names
Trac'd for posterity. There Mary stood,
Mother of Joses; Mary Magdalen;
Mary, the mother of the Zebedees.

These, nearer than the rest, beneath the cross
Sorrowing had press'd. There, prostrate on the ground,
Lay Mary Magdalen, and pray'd for death.
All hope, all mem'ry of the Saviour's pow'r,
Had fled her tortur'd soul. Her stormy grief
Swept, as with torrent force, all sense away;
Stretch'd on the earth she lay, and fill'd the air
With groans of anguish. Comfort to impart,
Though comfortless herself, in whispers low
Strove Mary, Joses' mother, while she bent
In pity o'er the mourner; but in vain,
Her voice refus'd all sound. With pallid face,
And wringing through the gloom her trembling hands,
Stood the sad mother of the Zebedees,
And look'd to Heav'n, as in amaze, that still
The vengeance of the Lord delay'd to strike.
Benumb'd with agony, in woe so mute
That e'en no sigh escap'd her lip, on earth
The Virgin-mother knelt, and upward gaz'd
Upon the bleeding Suff'rer, who yet hung
High mid the murky clouds. But, lo! no more
His mercy would the Saviour now withhold
From her and John! Downward on both he look'd.

And with the glance, new life into their souls
Copiously flow'd. He bow'd his face divine
In act to speak. Amaz'd, with fearful joy,
As if from death arous'd, trembling they gaz'd,
While thus the voice of God's eternal Son
Came from the cross. " Mother, behold thy Son!"
Then to his lov'd disciple, cried the Lord,
" Behold thy mother!" Nearer, as he spake,
Each to the other drew, with gushing tears
Of awe and gratitude.

Still, 'neath the weight
Of God's dread judgment, hung the Sufferer,
Such agony he bore, as e'en to think
Our trembling souls refuse: such as Heav'n's speech,
E'en though its lofty strains may celebrate
Jehovah on his throne of majesty,
Can find no terms to utter! Silence still
Reign'd round the hill of death. Though through her deeps
The earth unceasing heav'd, yet with no sound
Of audible vibration shook the vales
Where darkly rose Jerusalem. But once
A shock through the rebellious city thrill'd,

And o'er the multitudes who crowding throng'd
The hill of death a touch of secret awe
Stole with confus'd sensation, as if woe
Remote, but sure, were menac'd in obscure
And future vengeance for the blood whose stream
There gushing pour'd.

Meantime the throes of Earth
Had penetrated to a dark recess
Cleft in her rocky entrails, where apart
The Seraph Abbadona had retir'd
T' indulge his solitary grief in tears.
Silent upon a jutting rock he sat.
He view'd with vacant gaze the cataract,
Which foam'd beneath his feet, and list'ning watch'd
Its thundering course, while tossing spray around,
From each projecting height downward it leap'd,
And roar'd from deep to deep. Sudden he felt
Earth shake beneath him, and her loosen'd rocks
Fell in huge fragments. To his startled ear
Like moans of grief the distant echoes rung.
" What !" he exclaimed, " Does earth lament the sons
" Still springing from her dust? Reluctantly

" Does she receive within her heaving lap
" Their mould'ring bodies? Is she weary grown
" Of serving thus as one wide sepulchre,
" Ghastly within with bones, though deck'd without
" By Spring's enamell'd flowers? Or wails she now
" That Holy Being whom so late I saw
" Alone in darkness, suff'ring pangs more sharp
" Than mortal might endure? What is his fate?
" Why should I not behold him once again?
" Is not the hand of vengeance here as near
" As on Earth's upper surface? yes — oh yes!
" I cannot flee from it! Could I escape
" Beyond creation's bounds, alas, e'en there,
" There would it reach me! I will then again
" Seek out the Suff'rer — I will see the end
" Of his fierce pangs — will strive fully to learn
" The issue of these wonderful events!
" Oh, that so vast a host of Heav'n's bright youth
" Watch'd not around him! When so late I fled
" Before his presence, how my trembling soul
" Shrank 'neath their piercing glances! Shall I, then,
" Assume celestial lustre; boldly take
" The form of some etherial messenger of light?

" Ah, would not heav'n's dread flash of vengeance strip
" The thin disguise? Would not each seraph's eye
" Detect my guilty shape? Yet Satan thus,
" He who with darker crimes than mine has rous'd
" Th' Almighty anger, Satan ventures thus!
" He, that remorseless sinner! I, too, hide
" No evil purpose in my grief-rent heart
" While thus disguise I seek. — But, shall I wear
" A borrow'd form? Shall Abbadona strive
" To mask his misery? Go, unhappy One,
" Go, in thy wretchedness! It must not be!
" Then must I here remain, nor see, nor know,
" The end of that mysterious agony?
" Alas, how should I in my own sad form
" Encounter bright cherubic eyes, nor fly!"
While dubious thus he mus'd, with upward spring
His rock-bound cave he quitted, and attain'd
Earth's outer surface — starting he drew back,
For stretch'd before him in terrific gloom
Darkly she lay. " Is it not noon?" he cried:
" What dismal and portentous shades are these?
" Is Earth for judgment ripe? And fades she now

" Thus vanishing away? Yes, yes, behold
" God's terrors are upon her! His dread hand
" In wrath has seiz'd her! Why — ah why? Has then
" Her womb receiv'd that wondrous sufferer,
" And from her guilty sons does God, incens'd,
" Require his life? Yet, could he die? My soul
" In dark and mazy labyrinths is lost!
" No longer will I grovel here in doubt,
" But seeking, finding, and beholding him,
" Learn all at once!" Scarce had he thus resolv'd,
When on a mountain's wood-crown'd eminence
He stood already, and with searching glance
Eagerly strove to find Jerusalem
Upon the darken'd earth. Dimly at length,
Like some vast heap of ruins thickly veil'd
In wreaths of smoke, afar he saw her lie.
And now (trembling he did it) he assum'd
Angelic lustre; took that youthful shape
Which in heav'n's vale of peace he erst had worn.
Alas, how dim the likeness! True, bright locks
Wav'd o'er his shoulders, 'neath whose glossy curls
His wings of gold flutter'd in harmony;
While rosy light, like morning's early blush

Glow'd on his shining cheek: but fast and big
The tear-drops from his moisten'd eyelids roll'd.
At length on trembling wing upward he sprung,
And steer'd his course tow'rd Golgotha, where hung
Night's darkest shadows from the silent sky.
As o'er th' Asphaltic lake his flight he held,
Amid the roar of its sulphureous waves
He heard, hoarse mingling with the water's din,
The cries of anguish and despair. So when
Earth from her centre heaves, and, yawning, sinks
Beneath some guilty city, with the roar
Of subterranean vengeance, mingling rise
The piercing shrieks of death. Earth shakes again;
Again, 'mid crash of falling palaces,
And desecrated temples, wailing mix
The yells of death, the agonizing cries
Of the profane and thoughtless habitants.
Pale and aghast th' affrighted traveller flies!
So rose to Abbadona's shudd'ring ear
The howls of Satan and Adramelech,
Mix'd with the roarings of the sullen lake.
He knew the sound, and, horror-struck, turn'd swift
His trembling pinions from the dismal shores.

Now tow'rd th' angelic squadrons he approach'd,
And, o'er the lost one, fear's benumbing thrill
Shot coldly, as he view'd the burning zone
Thick with unfallen angels. At the sight
His borrow'd brilliancy to sable shades
Had well-nigh faded. But the shining hosts,
(Their eyes intently fix'd on Him, who still
Suffer'd his wond'rous, sin-atoning death,)
Beheld not Abbadona. Him, alone,
Eloa saw and recognis'd. " Comes, then,
" Yon lost and wretched spirit," he exclaim'd,
" To contemplate the Saviour on the cross?
" On Olivet the hapless angel view'd
" His nightly agony, and lo, again
" He comes to seek him! Ah, how deep his woe!
" How by remorse corroded is his form!
" How does he melt in tears, which, from his birth,
" Almost incessantly have stream'd. Oh God!
" Most righteous Judge, thou wilt fulfil in him
" Thy holy will! But, ah! how o'er his doom
" May I now muse? Hangs not the Lord of Life,
" Christ Jesus, on the cross, suff'ring God's wrath,
" Dying the death of man?" Prone to the earth

Eloa fell, and with admiring tears
Adored the mighty Suff'rer. There, awhile,
In silent pray'r, he lay; then rising, turn'd,
And beck'ning an attendant seraph, thus
Spoke his command. " Haste to yon glitt'ring zone,
" And to the cherubim there station'd, say,
" ' Behold on trembling hesitating wing
" ' Lost Abbadona comes! Amid your hosts
" ' Should he attempt to enter, scare him not!'
" ' Let the afflicted come! Through his sad tears
" ' Let him th' expiring Saviour dimly view!
" ' Bid him not fly, but give his bitter woe
" ' This melancholy solace! Round the cross
" ' Lo, darker criminals than he appear!' "
Still Abbadona o'er the shining ring
Hover'd on trembling pinions; pausing now,
Now cautiously advancing, till at length
He check'd his flight, and downward to the earth
Suddenly dropp'd. Thence had he fled again;
But forcibly attracted by the thought
That none, save the great Suff'rer, could be clos'd
Within such awful circle, he advanc'd,
And slowly enter'd the terrific bound.

Each seraph turn'd to see him. All beheld
The thin disguise, the cold and ghastly smile,
The glaring radiance, (not like beams of bliss,)
The woe of ages, the consuming pangs,
The wretched Abbadona! and they gaz'd
In silent pity on him as he pass'd.
Now on the gloom-wrapp'd hill of death he stood,
And saw the crosses on its height. "No, no,
"I will not view those dying ones!" he cried.
"The sight too deep would wound me, — would array,
"Before my suff'ring spirit, images
"Too darkly mournful — would, with voice too loud,
"Accuse me to the Judge! Alas! I feel
"The transient view of their blood-streaming wounds
"Already through my soul shoots burning woe!
"Oh Man! like me unhappy, and, alas!
"Like me so guilty, that your crimes thus force
"Your injur'd brethren, in the solemn view
"Of countless multitudes, to work your death!
"I will not look on those whom here your will,
"Just or unjust, delivers to the grave,
"To see corruption! Where, ah where, shall I
"Find him I seek? Lo, these cherubic hosts

" Keep no vain watch; they must encircle him;
" E'en on this spot he must be found! But where?
" Late in Gethsemane's obscurest shade
" I found him wrapp'd; but here night's heaviest
" gloom
" Rests on the hill of death! On that dread spot
" He cannot be. Oh, that some angel hand
" Would point him out! Oh, that my trembling voice
" Might question them! Alas! scarce dare I hope
" To veil these shudd'ring fears, this tort'ring woe
" From their keen sight, lest they should bid me fly!
" But, no! They heed me not! Absorb'd they stand
" In thoughts of Him, the Holy One, round whom
" The Judge has station'd them; and mark me not!
" But where is he? Has he, perchance, withdrawn
" To yonder Temple's inmost sanctuary?
" There pours he forth his pray'r? And may no more
" The eye of finite being see his pangs,
" Behold the bloody drops roll from his brow?
" No! rather upon Golgotha their eyes
" The heavenly squadrons fix, than on yon fane,
" If my dim sight deceive me not. Alas!
" So deeply am I fall'n, I dare not lift

" These eyes of shame to yonder faithful ones,
" E'en though within their ranks I venture thus
" To steal in borrow'd form! Must I then look
" Upon the hill of sculls? Perhaps, e'en there,
" Where criminals (those proofs too manifest
" Of man's apostacy,) are doom'd to bleed,
" He has resorted to complete on earth
" His yet remaining suff'rings! There, perhaps,
" Stretch'd amid human bones, in pray'r he lies,
" And deprecates their doom! Alas! I then
" On Golgotha must look!" He said, and reach'd
Reluctantly, on sad and heavy wing,
The fearful height. Awhile beneath the cross
His eager eye's inquiring glance he threw:
At length on John it rested, and at once
Follow'd the sad disciple's upward gaze.
There hung the victim for the sins of man,
High in the murky air! His weary eye,
Fixing in death, appear'd to seek for rest
But in the grave! When from amazement's shock
Th' astonish'd Abbadona wak'd, " No, no!"
He cried, " Impossible! It is not He!
" No! 'Tis impossible! He cannot die!

" But, Heav'ns! I would deny my sight in vain!
" I cannot be deceived! I see him there!
" Yes, yes, 'tis He! The same whom on yon mount
" I saw in pangs which human sufferance
" Might not endure! Inexorable Judge,
" Is this thy victim?" Abbadona sunk
Prone to the earth. " Here will I in the dust
" Await," he cried, " the end inscrutable
" Of this mysterious judgment! Here will I
" (If finite eye may view it) see the death
" Of that divine One! Ah, what thus, like peace,
" Steals o'er my spirit? Is it but the shock,
" The dizziness of woe; or is it hope,
" Alas! for me the best, the only hope,
" Of swift annihilation? Mock me not,
" O mock me not, my last, my only hope!
" Methinks I may implore thee from my Judge!
" Methinks he now will hear me! Judge of Earth
" When on the cross that holy Suff'rer bows
" His head in death, should'st thou, O should'st thou then
" Amid our race (authors of sin at first,
" Seducers since,) some guilty victim seek,
" To immolate in wrath, — should'st thou select

" One rebel at his tomb t' annihilate,
" O be that choice on me! O let it fall
" On Abbadona; on that sorrowful,
" Degraded spirit! To the mighty Dead
" Let me be sacrificed. Then, then no more
" Should I exist! Then should I feel no more
" The pain of nightly burnings! I have been,
" But shall have pass'd away; shall be extinct,
" Blotted for ever from the page of life;
" By God, by angels, by creation's hosts,
" Ever forgotten! See, I bow my head,
" Judge of the World, to thine Omnipotence!
" O, by mysterious stroke, or with the flash
" Of thy red lightning, from the universe
" Extinguish Abbadona!" Wildly thus
He pour'd his pray'r, though at the dreadful hope
Fear shook his spirit. Rising from the dust,
Trembling he look'd upon the blood-stain'd cross,
And view'd the dying Saviour. At each glance
He deem'd he saw the last expiring pang,
And shudder'd as he fancied each might bring
His own annihilation. Visibly
His lustre faded, though with struggle sore

He sought the borrow'd splendour to retain.
While thus he strove, and trembling look'd around,
Under a cross, that on the right was rear'd
Of that more lofty one which in the midst
Tremendous rose, he suddenly beheld,
Sparkling in light, his twin-created friend,
His lov'd, but dreaded Abdiel! At the sight
The glitt'ring zone of angels faded fast
Before his swimming eyes: to his pent soul
Creation seem'd too narrow. Pale with fear,
Lest Abdiel should recognise him, he stood.
All his immortal pow'rs, his utmost strength,
He task'd to aid him now unknown t' escape
The Seraph's dreaded eye, and with feign'd haste,
As if by God on rapid errand sent
To distant orbs, in hurried accents thus
To Abdiel he exclaim'd. "Say, Seraph, say,
"When will the Holy One expire? With haste
"Must I speed on, yet fain would I, where'er
"My course may lead me, solemnize that hour,
"That sacred, awful hour, by lowly acts
"Of deepest worship!" Abdiel, who had yet
His face averted, suddenly now turn'd

And look'd upon the lost one, while in tones,
Soften'd by sadness, yet austere and grave,
He answer'd, " Abbadona !" As the face
Of some fair youth, by Heav'n's sulphureous bolt
Mortally struck, fades withering to the hue
Of livid death, so Abbadona's cheek
Darken'd to Hell's deep shade. Each angel eye
Beheld his dusky form, while swift he fled
The terrible enclosure. As afar,
Fainting he sunk beneath a palmy grove,
From an opposing quarter rose a shade
Blacker than Abbadona. Heav'n's bright hosts
Perceiv'd the trembling spectre, and apart
In whisper'd tones exclaim'd " What shape is this,
" Which thus advances o'er yon distant grove?
" See, how the hand of vengeance, with deep trace
" Has scarr'd his branded brow ! Behold how marr'd
" By death eternal is his pallid face !
" How ventures thus a reprobate from God
" Our zone to enter? But, behold ! no more
" I marvel. See, Obaddon comes ! 'Tis he
" Who drives the shade ! It is the Traitor's ghost !"
And now the dread Obaddon tow'rds the cross

The terrified Apostate brought. All gaz'd
In horror on him. Black, a dusky spot
E'en in the gloom which canopied the earth;
Amaz'd and terror-struck, as if above
The lightning's flash, beneath, the yawning earth
Were ready with avenging fire, the one
To blast his head, the other to ingulf
His guilty form, the traitor tow'rd the cross
Nearer and nearer drew: while his fix'd eye
On stern Obaddon turn'd with gaze compell'd.
Where'er the Seraph, with his fearful hand,
Its flaming weapon grasping, pointed him,
Commanding flight, there flew the trembling ghost.
Now on a hanging cloud Obaddon stood
With the affrighted castaway, and thus
Exclaim'd, in tones severe, " Rebel, behold!
" Yonder lies Bethany! Nearer beneath
" Rises the roof of Caiaphas! See there,
" The dwelling where thy Master's parting cup
" Thou didst, in memory of his death, partake!
" There is Gethsemane! Seest thou thy corpse?
" Yes, quiver, wretch, but fly not!" As he spoke,
Obaddon tow'rds the cross his flaming sword

Suddenly stretch'd. " Behold !" the Seraph cried,
" On yonder cross, which o'er the rest uprears
" Its gloom-envelop'd height, hangs Jesus Christ !
" He dies a willing sacrifice for man !
" He suffers to shed peace o'er man's frail life,
" Peace o'er his parting hour ! From endless death,
" Thy fearful doom, to rescue him, and raise
" To God's bright presence his immortal soul !
" Those wounds, whence that atoning blood now streams,
" Shall glitt'ring shine, when once again to earth
" As Judge he comes ! Now, Traitor, turn and fly !"
Cow'ring beneath despair, the trembling shade
Turn'd him and fled; and from the hateful sight
Obaddon thus reliev'd th' etherial zone.
Now 'mid the stars they soar'd. The boundless view
Of vast creation, all in silence hush'd,
Appall'd the traitor, and with conscious thrill
Shudd'ring he own'd the omnipresent Judge.
Long trembled he, ere falt'ring he exclaim'd,
" Most dreadful Spirit, with that fiery sword
" Which darts red lightning, oh, annihilate
" At once this frame ! In mercy lead me not
" To the dread throne of Heav'n's Eternal Judge !"

" Be silent and obey!" th' Avenger cried,
And wrathful held his flight, till on a sun,
Guided by the dread weapon, Judas stood,
Obaddon by his side. Thence, far remote,
He show'd the traitor Heav'n's fair residence,
The dwelling of the Deity, the place
By his immediate presence glorified.
True, sacred darkness veil'd th' Eternal Throne,
The hallelujahs of immortal life,
The songs, the raptures of the blest, were mute.
Yet Heav'n was Heaven still; th' ennobled seat
Of the Divinity, nor had it lost
Aught of that bliss, by man yet unconceiv'd,
The portion of its righteous habitants.
" Yonder is Heav'n!" Obaddon cried, " That place
" Wherein to those who love their God, He gives
" Visions of bliss ineffable! Behold,
" His face no finite being now may view,
" His throne Night curtains! Tremble and despair!
" Such awful gloom as thy new eye has yet
" Never beheld, now in its fearful shroud
" Wraps that bright place, where erst in majesty
" His angels view him! Seest thou yon fair hill?

" 'Tis heav'nly Zion! There, the Lamb of God,
" Slain from the world's beginning to redeem
" Earth's fallen sons, oft in effulgent grace
" His chosen ones will visit. Yon twelve thrones,
" Which, bright with rays like sun-beams, shine on high,
" Are for the Saviour's twelve disciples set
" By their all-bounteous Master. Thron'd on these,
" With Him, hereafter, shall they judge the world.
" Traitor! wert thou not one of them? Nay, wretch,
" Ask not annihilation! 'Tis in vain —
" Behold, vast as the sum thine eye can reach
" Of Heav'n's pure glories is the mass of woe
" By God in righteous judgment dealt to thee!
" In vain, 'gainst Him, thine impotence would strive,
" In vain, from Heav'n would'st thou avert thine eye!
" Fix'd as a rock which oceans cannot shake,
" Here stand and gaze! T' exalt to that bright heav'n,
" Those seats of peace, the souls who love his name,
" Hangs Jesus on the cross!" Obaddon spoke,
And left the sinner, while with rapid wing
Tow'rds Heav'n he flew, and on a nearer orb
Alighting, prone in adoration fell.
Then, rising from his silent pray'r, again

He join'd the reprobate, who speechless stood,
And gazing, felt the pangs of endless death.
" Now, spectre, turn, and come! I lead to Hell,
" Thine everlasting home!" Thus loudly burst,
As with a peal of thunder, the dread voice
Of Death's tremendous Angel. On they flew,
And now tow'rds Hell approach'd, and heard from far
Her sullen roar, breaking with hollow sound
Upon creation's shores, and echoing faint,
In dying murmurs, o'er the distant stars.
Through that dark void which, 'mid unmeasur'd space,
God has allotted her, Hell wildly rolls,
Obedient to no order, up or down,
In slow or swift progression, without law,
Madly irregular. Such her sad doom,
That flames more raging, sharper darts of death,
Might with increasing vehemence and pow'r
Torture her guilty habitants. Now swift
With furious speed she urg'd her wild career.
Led by his dreadful guide th' apostate shade,
Quitting creation's limits, downward plung'd
To Hell's dark gate. Th' angelic guard there plac'd
Beheld and knew Obaddon, saw the wretch

Who 'neath him crouch'd, and writh'd in struggles wild
T' escape his pow'r. In vain! Where'er the sword
Pointed its fiery blade, there must he fly!
The Guardian of th' Abyss, at their approach,
Threw wide apart its adamantine valves
With deaf'ning crash. Within the horrid chasm
Were mountain upon mountain cast, their bulk
Would not suffice the yawning depth to fill.
Here stood Obaddon with the guilty shade.
No pathway leads to Hell's tremendous gulf;
E'en from the gate her rocky sides, deep cleft
With molten fire, descend abrupt and steep
In viewless precipice. Pale, dizzy, mute,
Stands Terror at the brink, and looks below
With staring eyeballs. The dread Minister
Of Heav'n's just vengeance o'er this endless grave
Yet stood. Here death ne'er sleeps! Here still
With thee, Judas, thou traitor, death ne'er sleeps!
Obaddon, with averted face, now dropp'd
His flaming weapon's point to the abyss.
" Behold," he cried, " the dwelling of the damn'd,
" Thy future home! That Adam's sinful race
" May not here suffer an eternal death

"Hangs Jesus on the cross!" The Seraph spoke,
Down plung'd the sinner to the fiery deep!
While from the gate of Hell Obaddon sprung,
Shot through the starry spheres, nor clos'd his wing,
Till down again on Golgotha's dark height,
The altar of God's victim, swift he flew,
And stood submissive, waiting new commands
From righteous, but incens'd Omnipotence.

THE MESSIAH.

CANTO X.

CANTO X.

STILL farther on my fearful path I tread
Nearer and nearer to the Saviour's death.
Ah, were it not a death of love, ordain'd
E'en ere the world's beginning, I must sink
Beneath the contemplation! Lo, I fear
Peril on every side! Here, lest too high
My flight should carry me; there lest my voice
To solemnise the Saviour should resound
In strains too feeble! Yet am I but dust!
Oh Thou, whose blood on Golgotha was pour'd,
Whose presence still surrounding me I own!
Thou know'st my thoughts; nay, e'en before they rise
Thou hast already seen them! On my tongue
No accent dwells unheard by thee! Oh God,
All-pow'rful Saviour, aid my sinking strength,
And should I err — forgive me! One bright gleam
From thine effulgence, from thy heav'nly grace
One life-restoring drop, the thirsty soul,
Panting for knowledge, with abundance fills!

Th' Eternal Throne, which erst was wont to stand
In beauty visible, pouring a flood
Of dazzling lustre from its blazing height,
Now darkly rose, by gloomy shades enwrapp'd,
In lonely silence. No glad spirits there
Shouted their hallelujahs. All were gone:
Save that, on its extremest step, which heav'd
In shudd'ring tremor, mute, with folded hands
In terror clasp'd, with supplicating eye
In silent expectation upward rais'd,
Kneel'd Death's chief Angel pale and motionless.
Still on his sin-atoning Son Jehovah gaz'd
With unaverted look. His eye divine
Pierc'd through the suns, those lucid specks of dust,
Through the opaker planets, through the tracts
Of silent nature, with a glance by none
Perceiv'd or comprehended, save by him
On whom it rested. The terrific gaze
Of his Paternal Judge the Saviour felt;
He knew Jehovah not yet reconcil'd,
Knew it, and felt horrors unspeakable
Mix with approaching death. Now in their orbs
The planets to their very entrails shook:

More pale, more speechless, more afflicted stood
Th' immortal hosts, while this his agony
Spread o'er the Saviour's cheek a hue of death
Yet ghastlier. His weary, sinking eye,
Threw round a half-extinguish'd glance which fell
Where, opposite to Golgotha, o'erhung
By aged trees, his lonely sepulchre
Lay hewn in rock. " Oh sleep of death !" he thought,
While on the tomb he gaz'd, " Soft sleep of death,
" Soon shall this body seek thee ! E'en for this
" Took I this frame of dust, which in yon grave
" Quickly shall slumber ! Father, hear my prayer !
" And then, from these sad eyes which round me stream
" Wipe ev'ry tear ! Shew mercy to all those
" Who now in bitter anguish mourn thy Son !
" Support them in their hour of need, when death,
" By thee decreed, shall come ! Hear, Father, hear !
" And pity all who on thine only Son
" Thus sacrific'd believe ! Uphold their souls
" Through Death's fierce conflict ! Lo, I feel his pow'r,
" I wait his coming stroke ! And see, he bears
" Thy terrors on his wing ! Dreadful is he,
" Th' avenging sword of an Almighty hand !

" True, man's frail race may not feel pangs like mine,
" For they are finite ! Yet, from this vast sea
" In whose dread waves I sink, one drop of fear
" Would drown their souls in terror. Father, hear !
" Have mercy on them when in death's cold grasp
" Struggling they lie, and call to Thee for aid,
" For grace, for comfort ! Then, oh, pardon all
" Who though in talents diff'ring, yet their gifts
" Of low or lofty value, have employ'd
" In fervent though imperfect love of Thee !
" Save them in death's last hour, that gloomy hour
" When sinks their weary eye, when in the grave
" Corruption waits to seize them ! O'er their souls
" Then shed thy balm, thy Holy Spirit send
" To help th' unutterable pray'r, till high,
" E'en to thy throne, it mount, and hearing it
" Thou call'st them to thy bliss ! Oh, God of love !
" My gracious Father ! Hear me by these wounds,
" This bloody crown which presses on my brow,
" This agony of death which shakes my frame,
" The pangs I have already borne, and those
" I yet must suffer ! Hear me by that love
" Through which, abas'd to death upon the cross,

" I purchase Man's redemption, hear, oh hear,
" And o'er my chosen ones, whose faith and truth
" Unshaken to the end abide in me,
" Pour out thy consolation! May they share
" The victor's triumph on their dying couch!"
Thus He, the Lamb from the beginning slain,
The merciful, the gracious, full of truth,
Patience, and goodness; He, th' Eternal Priest,
Thus for his people pray'd, ere yet within
The sanctuary he enter'd!

But his eye,
Beaming with love to Man, now from his grave
Slowly he turned, and tow'rd th' Asphaltic Lake,
Where Satan and Adramelech lay plung'd,
A moment look'd. The dying Saviour's glance
Earth-shaking terror follow'd, and convuls'd
Beneath the sullen waves each cavern quak'd.
Then to the lowest depth of misery
Sunk the despairing fiends. God's sentence spoke
In early Paradise — " The woman's seed
" Shall bruise the serpent's head" — was now fulfill'd.
Since from the cross the Saviour's blood had flow'd

All Hell had shudd'ring felt the victor's power;
But chiefly Satan and Adramelech.
While in his agony, with clenching grasp
He tore the solid subterranean rock,
In hollow, suffocated roar, and words
Scarcely articulate, thus Satan spoke.
" Feel'st thou like me these burning pangs, this woe,
" Without relief or remedy, which thus
" Shoots through my inmost soul, and o'er my head
" Threatens to heap throughout eternity
" Death upon death? Companion of my doom!
" Condemn'd, and curs'd, as I am! Lo to thee,
" Fain would I now impart the pangs I feel!
" True, Hell itself, e'en in its lowest depths,
" No images of torture can produce
" Like that I feel! Yet listen, hideous fiend!
" Hear me, that I may wake thy fears, if yet
" Thou know'st not what I suffer! — But, alas!
" So weakly yields my soul to these fierce pangs,
" That e'en the sight of thy dire miseries
" Charms me no longer! Shall I then confess,
" With coward fear, He is omnipotent?
" Yes — yes! Behold, I sink! Hell on me lies

" With all her load of judgment and of woe !
" Yet — was it then himself who to this pit,
" So deep and dark, hurl'd me his enemy,
" With his own thunder ? No ! an angel's voice
" Commanded us to fly, and swift we fled !
" But in whose name pronounc'd he the decree ?
" Ah ! what new terrors rising in my soul
" Thus menace vengeance ? No, I must not speak
" That lofty name ! And yet, e'en now he dies !
" He, at whose name we fled ! He, whom our rage
" Madly pursued ! Lo, at that fearful thought
" A new and fiery dart of ruin shoots
" Through my immortal spirit ! Shades on shades
" Draw darkly round me. — Of this mystery
" Not e'en a glimpse is visible ; and this,
" This, too, is misery ! All — all arouud
" Offers but bitter woe ; its victim I
" Throughout eternity ! E'en the last hope,
" The sullen, feeble, lamentable hope
" Of dull annihilation, vanishes,
" Leaves me for ever ! Come, ye rolling Spheres,
" Thou distant Heav'n ! Come, into Chaos turned,
" To night, to Hell, and fall on Satan's head,

" Hiding him thus from wrath omnipotent !"
Crush'd in his pride the dark Adramelech
With stifled groan, and with Despair's wild glance,
Feebly exclaimed, " Oh help me, I beseech !
" Nay, monster, I will worship thee for aid !"
And as he spoke, fast with his iron hand
He seiz'd on Satan, " Help !" again he cried,
" Dark reprobate, oh, help me ! I endure
" The tortures of avenging, endless death !"
Roaring the demon fell, and lay outstretch'd,
Mute and immovable. Thus sunk the fiends
Beneath the Conqueror's omnipotence !
Thus far he stretch'd his wide-destroying arm !
Each rebel felt it. Hell's remotest caves
Echoed with hollow groans of deep despair.
But oh, celestial Muse ! disclose no more
Those lurid dens of misery ! Behold
A scene of sacred sorrow open lies !
A spectacle of death by Mercy borne,
For man's salvation, rises to thy view !

The Saviour from the lake now turn'd his glance
Tow'rds the encircling Seraphim. Some stood,

Some knelt in silence, some adoring wept.
Death on his brow was visible. His train
Of earthly foll'wers could no more endure
The sight of anguish, but in sep'rate paths
Dispersing turn'd away. With stagg'ring foot,
With woe-fix'd eye, Lebbaus first withdrew,
Follow'd by Lazarus, whose firmer soul,
Though pierc'd with sorrow, sunk not 'neath his woe.
Within a ruin'd sepulchre deep hewn,
On Olivet, Lebbaus shelter sought;
And leaning 'gainst the rock his pallid brow,
He knelt in speechless anguish; wrapp'd in gloom
Yet darker than the sable shroud which veil'd
Earth's outer surface. At the tomb's low mouth
Lazarus stood, and whisp'ring soft, exclaim'd,
In those sweet tones which Sorrow's self may hear,
" Oh, yield not thus to grief! Hear me, my friend,
" And raise thy face from this dark sepulchre!
" Know'st thou my voice no longer? Lo! 'tis I,
" Whom thou hast ever lov'd, who e'er repaid
" With equal warmth thy friendship. Yes — 'tis I,
" That Lazarus, whom erst thy tears bewail'd,
" Whom He, now crucified, to life restor'd!

" Ah, then remember with what trembling awe,
" What joy unspeakable, thy grateful thanks
" To our divine Deliv'rer ardent rose!
" 'Twas but a moment previous, and I lay
" Already mould'ring in my grave. Oh, think
" How oft have we discours'd of that dread hour!
" Yet, by the error of thy comrades sway'd,
" Thou hast persisted ever that on earth
" Thy Master's kingdom must be rear'd, before
" It reach to Heav'n! Well know'st thou o'er my soul
" Doubts still would cling, which forcibly forbade
" To seek for earthly meaning in those words
" Which clearer far of heav'nly glories spoke!
" Oh, rouse thee from thy sorrow! True, thy tears
" Too justly may bewail yon Holy One.
" Ah — nameless are the tortures he endures,
" Thus slow expiring on a cross of pain!
" But yield not thus to grief! If such his will,
" E'en yet he can descend from yonder cross;
" Or should he there expire, say, can it be,
" That he should see corruption? He, the Son
" Of God Eternal! He, the heav'n-sent Christ!

" Who before Abrah'm was! It cannot be!
" He cannot moulder in the sepulchre!"
As Laz'rus spoke, Lebbaus rais'd his face,
And though still speechless on the rock he leant,
He cast a sad and scarcely conscious glance
On Lazarus, who joining him in haste
Embrac'd his weeping friend, and from the ground
Gently upraising him, to the cave's mouth
Conducted him. There silently both stood.
Beneath the darken'd sky, in shadows wrapp'd,
Lay proud Jerusalem. Robb'd of all light,
Her Temple darkly rear'd its dusky bulk;
Sion in gloom was shrouded; Night's deep shade
Rested on Golgotha. " Oh, look around!"
Laz'rus exclaim'd to his afflicted friend;
" Behold the presence of th' Almighty here!
" I view it in this theatre of gloom,
" This silent earth, man's fearful sepulchre!
" Hast thou, Lebbaus, witness'd day like this?
" Or have thy farthest ancestors e'er told
" Of such an hour? See, with what solemn pomp
" God has array'd it! How o'er earth and heav'n
" His sable terrors spread! With death-like pause

" Behold, creation chain'd in silence stands!
" What if th' Eternal should have now decreed
" T' accomplish, through yon holy Suff'rer's death,
" Things past our scan? To thee, my friend, (whose grief
" Perhaps I thus may mitigate,) I own,
" That since the blood of innocence has flow'd
" A secret feeling I may not define
" Steals through my inmost soul, and o'er it sheds
" Such sweet tranquillity, such balmy peace,
" As softens e'en the woe with which I view
" Those dying pangs. Holy is all around!
" Where'er I turn, I see the hand of God,
" I feel his Omnipresence! Yes, oh yes,
" 'Tis the Divinity who thus sheds peace
" Within my soul! Ere Golgotha's dread height
" Th' exalted Suff'rer trod, I felt it not.
" But since his blood from yonder cross has stream'd
" Methinks my list'ning ear has caught a sound
" Of hov'ring feet, as if immortal troops
" Came rushing by. I heard the same light steps
" When in my tomb I lay. Before my eyes
" Flit brilliant shapes, but vanish from my sight
" Swift as they came: yet leave they in my soul

" Heav'n's purest blessedness, the peace of God!"
As Laz'rus ceas'd, Lebbaus quickly cried,
" What dost thou see? Why speechless stand'st thou thus
" In sudden wonder? Whom dost thou behold?"
Still Lazarus replied not; but at length,
" E'en now," he cried, " a form celestial shot
" Across my dazzled sight! Ne'er have I seen
" Immortal lustre so effulgent, ne'er
" Had I the bliss of Heaven so nearly shar'd!
" Perhaps yon shining messenger from God
" Brings special mission, for as swift as thought
" He glanc'd along on burnish'd wings of fire!
" No, no, my friend," continued Lazarus,
While joy his utt'rance chok'd, and fill'd his eye
With glitt'ring tears, " He, at whose mortal birth
" These bright ones shouted, He, the Son of God,
" Will never see corruption!"

Uriel's form
Was that, whose passing rays by Lazarus
Had joyfully been witness'd. From the sun
The bright immortal rush'd on rapid wing,

And while his face yet glow'd beneath his speed,
Before the patriarchs he stood, and cried,
" Lo, from God's throne he comes! His onward flight
" Direct to earth he holds! Awhile he stops,
" Pausing, as if for breath; but still and mute
" Creation stands, no swift-revolving star
" Fans his tir'd brow! Ah! think ye I can paint
" The terrors of his form, the brow severe
" Of Death's chief angel? Never yet has God
" Cloth'd him in such dark horrors; never yet,
" Since Earth's creation, has he worn a shape
" So fearful, so terrific! Judge of Earth!
" Omnipotent! Oh, who may look on thee
" When thou shalt judge the world! E'en now thy flames
" Afar precede thy messenger! His wings,
" Beating the empyrean space, resound
" Like rushing storms. Before him frighted flies
" The stilly peace of Heav'n. Should his red sword
" But touch a planet, scatter'd wide through air
" Its kindling dust would fly! Stern is his look,
" More terrible than erst when o'er Earth's face
" The waters of the deluge thund'ring pour'd,
" And mingled with the liquid sky. He comes,

" Fatal Destroyer! Soon shall ye behold
" His dreadful form, and o'er your frames will creep
" The nameless horror, which yet chills my soul.
" Ah, 'tis his look of woe, his troubled mien,
" The melancholy shade which clouds his brow,
" That most affright me! Comes he to announce
" Approaching death to God's eternal Son?"
Trembling the Seraph turn'd, as thus he spoke,
And soon amid the heav'nly host was lost.

Amazement, mute and motionless, had chain'd
The patriarchal band; then follow'd woe,
Heavy, unspeakable, and tearless woe.
What, must the Son of God, by Seraphim,
(Exalted as they are o'er Man's frail race,)
Wholly incomprehensible; to God,
His Father, only known; must He now die?
The unloos'd spirits, for whose sake he bled,
Shrunk as to dust again, and felt, as keen
As ransom'd spirits might, the weight of sin
With terrified remembrance. True, they saw
Their full redemption; yet 'twas for their guilt
The Mediator died! Pierc'd with the thought

His left arm Enoch rested on a grave,
And rais'd his right to Heav'n. Though pure his faith;
Though death he had not tasted; though his flesh
Corruption ne'er had mingled with the dust;
E'en he stood not as righteous in the sight
Of his Almighty Judge. Faith, active faith
In that Redeemer who now bled, alone
Gain'd him eternal life. Had planets sunk,
Had suns beneath him fall'n, he had, unmov'd,
Contemplated their fate; but as he view'd
The Saviour's near approaching death, with awe
His woe-struck spirit shudder'd. From his sight
Sank angels, patriarchs, mortals: his dim eye
Could scarce retain the Saviour's bleeding form.
Near him leant Abel on a rock. Abel,
Who, though of Adam born, yet pure as one
Of that lost race may be, in innocence
Had sanctified his life to God; but died
By murderer's hand. Alas! He, whom in death
His parting sob invok'd, to whom his pray'r
He had pour'd forth, while soak'd in blood he lay,
He, He, the Innocent, the Righteous, now
Must die like him! Ah, not like him must die!

Not with a death so calm; but burden'd deep
Beneath Jehovah's wrath must He expire!

Long over David's eye had darkness swam,
Long had he trembled: but since Uriel came
Rooted to earth he stood, nor trembled more,
But gaz'd upon the Crucified. His mind
On that dark image of the Saviour's death
Intensely rested, which on his rapt soul
God had engraven. On this thrilling thought
Entranc'd he mus'd; and when speech came at length,
The Prophet's words in broken accents dropp'd
From his pale lip; tears from his eyelids ran,
While thus he murmur'd: — "Oh my God, my God,
"Thou hast forsaken him! He cries to thee,
"But, ah, thou hearest and thou helpest not!
"E'en as a worm, not man, thy Son expires!
"The wicked throng around him in their rage,
"And laugh to scorn the patient Sufferer.
"Yes, death-doom'd sinners scornfully deride
"His trust in God! Behold, his life is pour'd
"As water forth; each bone disjointed hangs;
"His heart like wax is melted! See, his strength

" Is as a potsherd wither'd, his parch'd tongue
" Cleaves to his gums! Oh, Death, soon will thy stroke
" Lay him in dust! Yes, Saviour, savage beasts,
" Rather than men, thus slaughter thee! Alas!
" How have they pierc'd thy hands and feet! How stretch'd
" Thy body on the cross! How may'st thou tell
" Thy ev'ry bone! And, lo, they staring stand,
" And gaze with fiendish triumph on thy pangs,
" Thou suff'ring Victim! Oh, Eternal God,
" Father of Heav'n! Thou sin-forgiving God!
" When he is dead, (mysterious, solemn thought,
" That he must die,) oh spread the mighty news
" O'er earth's remotest regions, that his name
" All men may worship, that each living thing
" To him may bend the knee!" As, from afar,
Some distant cataract in night's still hour
Breaks on the solitary wanderer's ear
Like moans of agony, or sobs of pain,
So murmur'd round the cross a stifled sound
From countless ranks of weeping witnesses.
But none the Saviour's coming death so felt

As Man's first parents. They, when Uriel turn'd,
And hid his faded brow amid the host
Of crowded angels, side by side had stood
With downcast eyes, aghast, and motionless;
Their inmost spirits thrilling with fresh fear
At each tremendous word. At length they turn'd
And gaz'd upon each other. Thus will friends,
Thus brothers at the Final Day will turn,
And recognise those forms, which Fear's cold glance
A moment previous had but glar'd upon;
While the commanding trumpet-tone, the sound
Of rustling plains, which, with the mighty toil
Of resurrection heav'd, the secret thrill
Of rising life, had driven from their souls
All other consciousness. " Oh what," cried Eve,
In voice scarce audible, " what may we do!
" May we seek out earth's lowest deep, and there,
" Low prostrate on the dust, with tears beseech
" Th' Almighty, and, alas, th' Avenging, Judge
" To mitigate his pangs?" — " No!" Adam cried
" We are too weak to offer prayers for him!
" Should Noah, Job, and Daniel, join the cry,
" Should e'en the first of all created forms,

" Seraph Eloa, mix his mighty voice
" In weeping energy, yet vain would rise
" The feeble pray'r ! Yon Victim will sustain
" The whole of his appointed sufferings !
" No balm may ease his pangs ! (Alas, my soul
" Shrinks at the dreadful thought,) no soothing balm
" May mitigate his dying agonies !
" Yet — follow me !" He bent his mournful flight,
By Eve accompanied, from Olivet
Down to the Place of Skulls. As they approach'd
The hill of death, more and more dusky grew
Their sorrowing forms : and now they reach'd that spot
Where soon, his wondrous work accomplish'd, stretch'd,
E'en like his mortal brethren, in the dust,
The heavenly Suff'rer should repose in death.
Before the tomb a rocky fragment lay,
And by its side the parents of our race
Took their sad station. Prone to earth they fell
Pierc'd with the spectacle, which through their souls
Shot like the bolt of Heav'n, of that deep vault
Which soon should shroud the Victim's mangled form.
Now Adam rose, and spread his arms to Heav'n,
While for a space he gaz'd upon the cross,

Where hung the Saviour, with a cheek more pale
Than ere was mortal visage! Short the time
Adam might gaze: his folded hands he clasp'd
Upon his brow, and sunk to earth; that earth
Whose dust he was; that earth accurs'd through him;
In which his body, brought by sin to death,
Had seen corruption; in whose mould'ring lap
Whole generations had each age been laid!
At length in sobs he spoke. "Oh Lord! Lord God!
"Long-suffering and gracious! God of truth,
"Mercy, and goodness! Thou who pardon'st sin!
"Who from the world's beginning hast been slain
"For our salvation! Prophet, Priest, and King!
"Yet Son of Man! Oh from thine altar hear,
"Thy bloody altar, where for man thou diest,
"Hear the low voice which from thy tomb's dark mouth
"Thus dares address thee! Grateful praise, deep thanks,
"Unceasing adoration, be to thee,
"Thou mighty Saviour, bearing thus the weight
"Of Man's iniquity, his righteous doom!"
Thus Adam cried, and Eve's responsive heart
In silence join'd; while on them both a glance

From the expiring Saviour's eye now shed
Soft mercy, grace divine, celestial peace,
The richest and the purest gift of Heav'n!
They felt their Saviour's love, and Adam cried,
" How shall I thank thee, Lord of Heav'n and Earth!
" Eternity itself is all too short
" To speak thy praises! Oh, by this thy death
" For sinners borne, hear, I beseech thee, hear
" My pray'r for all my children, for all those
" Who yet must tread this earth, this gaping tomb,
" This fearful grave, though by thy bounteous hand
" Sprinkled with smiling flow'rs! For all I pray!
" Weeping, with helpless frames, they come to earth,
" With souls more helpless still. Oh take them then
" To thine eternal cov'nant! Guide their youth;
" Nourish the tender plant till it bring forth
" The fruit of righteousness! May they so use
" Their hour of trial, their brief pilgrimage,
" As to win bliss immortal! Ah let not
" The idler, loit'ring by his shady brooks,
" Slumber away the proffer'd crown of heav'n;
" Or, chain'd to trivial joys, despise its rays!

" Suffer not those to whom the blandishments
" Of earthly honours, of the praise of man,
" Too sweetly sound, e'er to forget that God,
" With whom the breath of man's applause, or blame,
" Weighs as an air-blown bubble: that just God,
" Who sees, computes, and judges! Call back those
" Who, tangled in a web of sensual bliss,
" Would boldly break from gross delights, but yield,
" Alas, too fondly, to those finer snares
" Which yet from Virtue's far sublimer heights
" Fatally lure them! Summon those whose glance
" Too seldom looks beyond the grave, whose souls
" Too rarely contemplate that endless life
" Prepar'd for them! Lord, should they shut their ears
" To thy soft voice of grace, oh call them back,
" By pain and sorrow, from their dang'rous path!
" Then, mighty Saviour, when thou shalt appear
" To judge the world, when thou shalt take from earth
" Her long-borne curse, and shalt renew her face
" With Eden's beauty, then shall hosts arise
" Countless as ocean's sands, redeem'd by thee,
" To share thy glory! Saviour, who with love,
" The theme of wonder and of praise in heav'n,

" Hast lov'd mankind! Light of Eternal Light!
" Son of the Living God! Redeemer! Friend!
" Brother of earth-born Man! Oh, hear our pray'r,
" Hear us thy first created, and, alas,
" The first to fall, now standing ransom'd thus
" By thine own sacrifice! Lord, hear our pray'r!"

Meanwhile Eloa from the Temple's height
Lifted his eye, and with amazement struck,
So loud he shouted, that Moriah's base
Trembled beneath the sound, which thrilling pierc'd
The inmost sanctuary. He cried, in tones
Broken by fear and anguish, such as Heav'n
Ne'er heard him utter, " Lo, He comes! He comes!"
Slow hov'ring downward to the silent earth
Now came th' avenging God's dread Messenger:
On Sinai's brow he lighted, and there stood
Alone, with troubled aspect. Burden'd deep
With his tremendous mission, to his sight
The reeling spheres appear'd to fade away,
To fly, to perish! God himself upheld
His finite creature, or in fear's chill trance
He had dissolv'd; — but Terror's iron hand

Loos'd its stern grasp, though woe still shook his frame,
Shudd'ring with awe and wonder. His faint arm
Scarcely might now sustain his flaming sword;
Pale were its blood-red beams, which erst with fire,
Fierce as the lightning's blaze, glow'd hot and bright,
When by th' avenging Deity empower'd
To blast with death. As thus with thrilling awe
He view'd th' expiring Saviour, to the earth
Prostrate the mighty angel fell, and breath'd
A fervent prayer tow'rds Golgotha, ere yet
Jehovah's mandate he should execute.
His voice, no longer thunder, faintly broke
In sounds of lamentation, whose low tones
Yet reach'd th' ethereal squadrons. Thus he pray'd:
" Son of the Father! Judge of Earth! Behold
" I, thy frail creature, thus am sent by him,
" Whom none but thee, as victim, can appease!
" Oh, aid my feeble strength t' accomplish now
" My fearful charge! Alas, since on the cross
" This doom inscrutable thou hast endur'd,
" On me, frail being, with the weight of worlds
" My awful mission presses! Who am I,
" Great Deity, that thou should'st thus through me
" Announce death so tremendous? Who am I?

" The birth of yesterday! A vapour, cloth'd
" In the thin form which from a shadowy cloud
" Mingled with wreathing fire thou drew'st to shape,
" Bidding me live! Alas, Eternal Son,
" Horror and anguish pierce my soul with pangs
" Ne'er yet endur'd! Yet must I work my charge,
" The mandate of Jehovah!" Thus he spoke,
And shudd'ring stood erect on Sinai's height.
God with fresh terrors arm'd him as he rose;
Tremendous stood he, and tow'rd Golgotha
Pointed his flaming sword. Then loud and fierce
Behind him howl'd a storm, mid whose wild roar
The voice of the Immortal clear was heard.
See! through the palmy grove, o'er Jordan's waves,
Along Genezareth the whirlwind sweeps!
A fiery glow shoots earthwards, and displays
The bleeding Victim! Thus the Angel cried: —
" Thou self-devoted Sufferer! Behold,
" Jehovah now thy willing sacrifice
" Fully accepts! Lo, infinite his wrath;
" But thou, great Mediator, hast suffer'd all!
" Thou hast endur'd that wrath! Yes, thou alone!
" No creature with thee! Thy blood's piercing cry
" For mercy, for the mercy of thy Judge,

" Has reach'd his ear! He has forsaken thee!
" Ah, he will yet abandon thee to death,
" Thy sin-atoning death! A moment more,
" And, lo, Divine Redeemer, lo, it comes!"
Thus spoke the messenger of death, and turn'd
His trembling face.

The Saviour's failing eye
Now look'd to Heav'n. In loud sonorous tone,
Not like a dying voice, but in the strength
Of that Omnipotence which freely bore
Such death for man, he cried, " My God, my God!
" Oh why hast thou forsaken me!" The heav'ns
Grew pale before the mystery. Then rush'd,
For the last time, Mortality's keen pangs
Through his faint frame: — " I thirst, I thirst!" he cried,
With parching tongue. He drank, but thirsted still.
Shudd'ring, he grew more pallid, bled afresh.
" Father!" at length he cried, " into thy hands
" I now commend my spirit!" Pausing then,
" Lo it is finish'd!" he exclaim'd aloud;
And bow'd his head, and died!

THE MESSIAH.

CANTO XI.

245234

CANTO XI.

If yet my heav'nward flight I have sustain'd,
Or wak'd responsive feeling in the souls
Redeem'd by Jesus, 'tis that God's right hand
On eagle wings hath borne me! From thy strains,
Oh Sacred Revelation, have I drawn
Deep inspiration! May the voice of praise
Pronounc'd by him, who, by that crystal stream
Which, flowing from God's throne, waters in Heav'n
The Tree of Life, has never mus'd entranc'd
In holy rapture, scatter'd by the winds,
Reach not mine ear, or, gaining it, stain not
My soul with vanity! Deep in the dust
My song had grovell'd, had that living stream
Through God's fair city, New Jerusalem,
Not wound its course; had not the Lord's right hand
Led me beside its waters! Heav'nly Muse!
My guide invisible! Oh, aid me still,
Still lead my trembling feet! Lo, I have sung
The Lord's humiliation, teach me now

To shout his triumph! But, may I, indeed,
Venture to speak his joys? To tell of plains
Rustling with resurrection; of the pomp
Of Death's great Victor rising from his tomb;
The exaltation of God's mighty Son
From earth's sepulchral dust, e'en to the height
Of heav'n's eternal throne? Aid me, O Lord,
Aid all thy frail yet joyful followers
The terrors of thy glory to sustain!

The God, from henceforth now the pardoning God,
Jehovah reconcil'd, look'd on the corse!
The Son, his Father's glory, God with God
Throughout eternity, the praise of Heav'n,
Look'd on his Father! Oh, what words may tell,
What finite being may conceive the bliss,
The love those glances spoke! Then, suddenly,
While those commingling looks from Heav'n's high throne,
From earth now sanctified, thus blissful met,
Creation, starting from her death-like pause,
Again commenc'd her course. Then from Heav'n's throne
The darkness melted. From the Sun's broad disk

Th' obscuring orb withdrew. The trembling poles
Of countless planets vibrated for flight
Each in its heav'n-trac'd orbit. On they sped,
While thund'ring through the sky their music rose
As if in joint petition to their God,
That he would ne'er again withdraw his arm,
But let them ever testify his pow'r
His praise, his glory! Fast and faster roll'd
Each ray-crown'd Sun, by train of worlds pursu'd,
Till all once more their stations had regain'd.
Jesus, Preserver of the Universe,
A moment hover'd o'er his cross, and view'd
His senseless corse, which bloody, pale, and mute,
Now drooping hung. The Conqueror of death
Then turn'd away. Shudd'ring, th' affrighted earth
Quak'd as he mov'd; and while his mighty tread
Approach'd the Temple, lo the rifted rocks,
With clouds of dust, and din that pierc'd the sky,
Cleaving asunder, fell! The sacred halls
Soon with the majesty of Christ were fill'd.
It glow'd within the Sanctuary. Behold!
E'en from the vaulted ceiling to the floor
The sacred curtain rends! Thy shadowy type

Thus vanishes, Atonement all complete,
Before thy sight! The Son, communion deep
Held with the Father. God with God. They spoke
Of that bright consummation, when in Heav'n
He should resume his seat on God's right hand.
For not alone the sinner views his Lord
Expiring on the cross; but rais'd from death.
And borne on clouds to Heav'n, the eye of faith
Beholds the Son of Man. Words may not speak
The colloquy divine. The heav'nly Muse
Tells but its import. How of gloom now chang'd
To light eternal; of Salvation's work
No longer veil'd in myst'ry, but display'd
Freely to all, it spoke. Of Israel's doom,
Whose expiatory altars hence should cease
Th' Eternal Victim's blood to typify:
Whose smoking Temple soon in dust should lie:
Her sons' sad destiny, dispers'd and driv'n
Through ev'ry land; the issue of their fate;
All pass'd before the Father and the Son.
The Gospel spread o'er countless realms: its stream
From age to age increasing; sullied oft,
Oft by the folly and the vice of Man

Darkly polluted, yet still holding on
Its course imperishable: each ransom'd soul
Turning from death to life: each conflict held
With warring sense: each victory of grace:
The suff'rings of the Combatant, his hopes
Of bright but distant Heav'n, his joyful end:
All these now pass'd before the Reconcil'd,
Before th' Atoning Deity.

While thus
Secret they spoke, a voice like rushing waves
Loud through the list'ning heav'ns was heard to cry:
" By him, th' Eternal Son, who in Man's form
" On Earth has now been slain; who shall arise
" And sit at God's right hand; even to you,
" Unfallen spirits, shall it bring increase
" Of blissful rapture through eternity,
" To know that sin by the Eternal Priest
" Has now been expiated; that God on Man,
" Renew'd and sanctified, again will look,
" Will graciously your earthly brethren view,
" Form'd, like yourselves, for immortality!
" Oh, kneel in gratitude! Behold, still pale,

" On his death's altar, hangs the sacred corse!
" But ah, the sacrifice is done, is all complete!
" Salvation is accomplish'd! Soon shall ye
" Behold the Victor, crown'd with glory, sit
" In light ineffable on Heav'n's high Throne,
" Sparkling with brilliant wounds!" Thus rang the shout
Through Heav'n resounding. 'Twas Eloa's voice.
From Earth a joyful murmur also rose:
" Lo, Jesus Christ, the Faithful, and the True,
" The patient Sufferer, the God of love,
" Has now endur'd his sin-atoning death
" For fallen Man! Ye plants from Adam's stem
" Wither no more, but bloom in endless life!
" Ye, who shall yet be born, oh, hail with joy
" Your blest existence; your redeeming God,
" The Lamb now slain, shall be your light, your life!
" Sin, the accuser, death-invoking Sin,
" Is blotted out! Henceforth shall Judgment spare
" Those who in faith shall with the Victim's blood
" Sprinkle themselves! Oh, then, lift up your heads
" In faith to Heav'n! Behold your gracious God
" Has given his only Son! A life of bliss

" Waits ye beyond the grave, when the last sleep,
" The sleep of death, is o'er. Then are ye kings,
" And priests, washed in His blood who, on yon hill,
" Has now been slain !" Such was the joyful song
Of our first parents.

In the Sanctuary

Still tarried the Messiah; to no eye
Of angel or of spirit visible.
Though when from Golgotha's dark hill he soar'd
To Sion's Temple, tempests mark'd his course,
Earth trembled 'neath his steps; none had beheld
The glory before which the clouds were driv'n,
Th' affrighted Earth thus quak'd. All prostrate fell,
Turn'd tow'rds Moriah, for the Sanctuary
Still heaving thrill'd. Deep on each patriarch's soul
The awful image of the Saviour's death
Was still engraven; yet a joy so bright
As angels never felt, mingling its pure
Celestial ecstasy e'en with thy death,
Divine Redeemer, now within their souls
Shed Heav'n's benignest peace, the peace of God !
The love of Jesus brighten'd every thought,
Warm'd every breast to rapture; while they felt

That love to Christ, the Mediator 'twixt God
And fallen Man, became henceforth the goal,
The blissful goal, of an immortal life.
Lost in these thoughts of happiness they gaz'd
Each on the other, and by soft degrees
Their faded rays again with lustre stream'd.
Their mutual love increasing rais'd their thoughts
To that exalted state, where, with one soul,
A living temple of their Saviour's grace,
All should united dwell. From Golgotha
Gabriel now hasten'd tow'rds them; yet awhile
Speechless the Seraph stood, the sparkling looks
Of these redeem'd ones, so engag'd his soul.
At length with silver melody he spoke:
" Brethren! Immortals! (Scarce may Gabriel dare
" As brethren to accost ye!) Sires of Christ!
" Lo, to this earth from yon bright Sun, by me
" Ye late were led! A second charge from Heav'n
" I now announce. Haste to your sepulchres,
" Ye ransom'd ones!" The holy troop obey'd,
Dispers'd in separate flight.

At the lone spot
Where Abel slaughter'd fell, a mossy stone

His altar's only remnant yet remain'd;
The rest the Deluge scatter'd. 'Neath this stone
The bones of Adam had been laid, and there
Many of his descendants also slept.
To this lone sepulchre a chosen few
With him repair'd; and wond'ring, each perceiv'd
The friendly angels who through life had watch'd
Their mortal steps, now hov'ring silently
O'er the grey ruins. 'Twas as if those eyes
Which had beheld creation were content
Thus anxiously t' examine in the grave
The dust and her inhabitants. But when
The human spirits nearer drew, at once
The tombs their angels quitted, and uprose
Triumphant in the air. Th' astonish'd souls
Knew not why thus exultingly they soar'd.
Elijah had with Enoch still remain'd
On Golgotha, and both with wonder saw
Their fellow-spirits thus at God's command
Hast'ning to seek their bodies resting-place.
Down to his grave beneath that mountain hewn
Where first the Ark had rested, while the waves
So lately rioting o'er hill and plain,

With hollow roar subsiding, slowly sunk;
Where also rose the altar of his thanks,
While high the Bow of Mercy gleaming hung
By God in grace establish'd, Noah came.
Abrah'm and Sarah sought their sepulchre
Within the groves of Mamre, where they erst,
Unconsciously, receiv'd in human form
Their heav'nly Lord, the gracious Sufferer,
Nor knew the guest they fed. His lonely grave
Moses on Nebo visited, where God
Mid rocks had buried him. There had he died
In presence of his Lord, who, ere he sunk,
Show'd him the Land of Promise from afar.
Shudd'ring beneath the present Deity,
The rocks then clave asunder 'neath the corse
Which headlong fell. The mountain o'er it clos'd,
And Moses, buried by the hand of God,
Lay in his secret grave.

Still from its base
Moriah trembling heav'd. Terrific clouds
Burst from the Sanctuary, thence rolling fill'd
The sacred halls, stream'd through the outer court,

And rose in wreaths to Heav'n. Where'er they spread
Their dismal shadow, Earth affrighted quak'd,
The rocks were rent, the streams forsook their course.
Dispers'd at length, o'er each lone grave they hung
And redd'ning glow'd. Then swept a whirlwind by
With roar tremendous: but the rushing blast
Brought not the Son's omnipotence. Deep heav'd
The shudd'ring earth around the tombs: yet still
Th' omnipotence of Jesus was not there.
Flames from the clouds now burst: but in the fire
The Lord came not. At length with murmuring sound
From Heav'n a soft and gentle whisper breath'd,
And lo, the Son's almighty pow'r was there!
See! as in slumber wrapt, the spirits sink
In soft confusion. Nothing they perceive,
Save that a consciousness within them thrills,
As if the presence of the Deity
Hover'd around them. Their angelic guides
View'd with fraternal ecstasy the scene
Of joyful resurrection. Adam cried,
"Ha! what like new existence o'er me steals!"
And strove to rise: but while still bent to earth
He knelt in wonder, harps around him rung;

Seraphic voices thus saluted him:
" Rise, Adam, rise! Awake, thou first of men!
" Awake, and live for ever!" Still on earth
Confus'd he knelt, still darkly swam his sight,
Till with th' etherial form which yet he bore
His rising body mingled glorified.
Then Adam sprung erect, and rais'd to Heav'n
His outstretch'd arms. " O hour of joy!" he cried:
" Lord, thou hast call'd me from the dust once more!
" Most gracious Saviour thou hast bid me shine
" With rays more bright than Eden's! Mighty God,
" Could I behold thee, with what grateful love
" Should Adam worship thee! Yet art thou near
" E'en though I see thee not! The whisp'ring breeze
" Tells of thy presence. Lo, around me rise
" Other resplendent forms! Yes, Seraphim,
" Behold how round the Sire of man here rise
" His righteous children!" Eve then waking, cried:
" Where have I been? In Paradise? Is this
" The form I wore in Eden? Ah, behold
" Yonder is Adam clad in brilliancy!
" How pure, how bright, our lustre!" As she spoke,
Each to the other hasten'd, murmuring low

In rapture's broken voice their Saviour's name.
" Abel, my son !" cried Adam, while in hues
Lovely as morn's first blush, his purple rays
Gleaming soft splendour, Abel hover'd near.
" Father ! replied his son, " Oh what has He,
" Who for our sins, for a transgressing world,
" Has now aton'd, what has He wrought for us !"
As by the gentle touch of evening's breeze
Suddenly wak'd, rose Noah. Ruddy beams
Glanc'd from his shoulders, as his rising corse
Immortal sprung from earth. Amaz'd he cried,
" Stand I before my grave, or to God's throne
" Am I thus summon'd ? Say, ye angel hosts,
" That I, with you, may fall and worship Him
" Who thus awakes me !" As the saint, who owns
And honours God in all his varied works,
Sees with delight and rev'rence the broad sun
Rising in glory o'er the fragrant woods
Which fling their odours to the morning air;
He watches it with rapture, for a sight
Glorious and fair it is, a brilliant sign
Of its Creator's pow'r: so joyfully
Gaz'd Abrah'm's angel, while the Patriarch rose

From his dark tomb, immortal, glorified!
Isaac, his son, rose near, and Abrah'm deem'd
The youth some seraph, so bedeck'd he shone
In gay and smiling radiance, his soft beams
Roseate like those of heav'n. His sepulchre
Jacob triumphant quitted. Tears of joy
Hung glitt'ring in his eye while he exclaim'd,
" Hosanna to Death's glorious Conqueror!
" Our Mediator with God! Yes, Saviour, yes,
" Thy blood has flow'd! Thou hast accomplish'd all!
" 'Tis thou, who call'st me from the vale of death!"
O'er Rachel's tomb her guardian angel soar'd,
While at its mouth she stood. Awhile they gaz'd
Each on the other with fraternal love.
" Seraph, my grave is lonely!" Rachel said,
" The rock-hewn sepulchre," the angel cried,
" Where the Redeemer sleeps, as lonely lies!"
While Rachel spoke, beneath her feet arose
A softly curling vapour from the tomb;
A breath like that, which round some vernal leaf,
Or opening rose, oft clings, distilling dew
In silv'ry globules. Rachel's lustre ting'd
Th' uprising mist with gold, bright as the hues

Which edge the burnish'd clouds when sinks the sun ;
And with attentive eye she watch'd it swell,
Assuming every instant some new form,
Soaring and sinking, yet still drawing nigh,
And ever shining brighter. She beheld,
Wond'ring at nature's wild variety,
The mysteries which, lofty or minute,
Creation still presents, nor knew how close
She to the hov'ring vapour was allied ;
How soon the Saviour's mighty voice should speak
The blest re-union. While with earnest gaze
O'er it she bent, her angel soar'd aloft
And spread his arms in speechless ecstasy.
Then breath'd the voice of pow'r, and Rachel sank
In gentle trance ; as if by some soft brook
Dissolv'd in tears of joy, and wafted light
Through shady vales, she gain'd some flow'ry shore,
Where to her wond'ring sight new tints arose,
Where unknown odours charm'd her quicken'd sense.
At length she wak'd, and springing from the ground
Beheld and felt that round her spirit glow'd
A new, immortal, body ! Mute with joy

She rais'd her eyes to heaven; then soft exclaim'd,
" Saviour, O let my lips first speak thy name!
" My Lord, my God!" She said, and fled with speed
To join the kindred spirits hov'ring near.
As when, fix'd upward on the cloud-wrapt sky
The gaze of expectation rests; at once
Heav'n's lightning flashes, and the thunder's roar
Proclaims the praise of the Omnipotent:
So brightly flash'd Isaiah from his tomb
So shouted he his thanks.
" Sleep on, and rest!"
Exclaim'd the Baptist to his mould'ring corse,
" Till that dread reck'ning day, whose roll of guilt
" The Lamb of God has borne — that Lamb whose blood
" Still on earth's altar reeks! True, victor-like,
" Soon will he rise from death, and summon all
" To view his glory. Then I leave thee here,
" Thou dust which art to hear the trumpet's voice!
" Till then I willingly abide with thee!
" Oh joys of resurrection! what are ye,
" When e'en your hope thus raises ecstasy?
" But what within me stirs? What like a dream

" Steals o'er my soul as if I should not wait
" The day of final judgment?" Thus he mus'd:
When suddenly, with newly risen form,
The young Benoni, glorified, approach'd
Like a bright ray through evening's twilight shade,
And cried, " Greater than all of woman born,
" Blessed art thou for ever! From our God,
" Father of Spirits, lo, I bring to thee
" A heavenly message! Many saints are ris'n!
" The dead awake! Yes, holy Baptist, hark,
" The heaving plains are rustling! 'Tis the sound
" Of resurrection! The blest dead arise!" —
" Who, who hast thou beheld?" the Baptist cried.
Benoni answered, " Adam have I seen;
" Abrah'm cloth'd with rays like beams of heav'n;
" Isaac in purple brilliancy. I saw,
" With sparkling eyes rais'd gratefully to heav'n,
" Moses, and Job. But ah, prepare thyself,
" Greatest of woman born! The moment comes,
" Thy body's resurrection is at hand!"
Wond'ring the Baptist gaz'd, and saw his corse
Move, rise erect, still in its earthy shell
Not as yet purified. But soon his soul

Lost its last doubt of wonder, its last throb
Of eager expectation; for, behold,
United now, the miracle was done!
In body glorified, the risen saint
To his Redeemer pour'd a hymn of praise!

These names mine ear entranc'd distinctly caught
Of those whose bodies rose. The breeze which stirr'd
The waving palms swept others by unheard.
Yet came my heav'nly muse in thought's calm hour
And whisper'd gently more immortal names.

Still frown'd the troubled sky o'er Golgotha;
The cloudy vault hung dark o'er all the space
Which human eye might reach around the hill,
Dread scene of the atoning Victim's death,
Where yet appear'd his cross! There, pale and stiff,
With sunken head, the sacred temples still
Wreath'd with the crown of scorn, bestain'd with blood,
Which, now congealed, no longer cried for grace
To an avenging Judge, no more arose
E'en to the heav'n of heav'ns, there to beseech
Thy heav'nly Father's pity, hung thy corse!

(Oh I can find no worthy name for thee!)
Thy corse, whom neither tears nor broken words
May right pronounce! There on the lofty cross
Thy body hung! Earth, air, and heav'n, were mute!
The gloomy hill now solitary lay
By its late multitudes deserted. Thus,
War's field is left with carcases bestrewn,
And each condemn'd or pardon'd soul escapes
Its earthy tenement. Meantime, the priests
Besought from Pilate a command that those,
Who on the cross had hung, should not that day
Be left t' expire, but that each criminal
Be slain forthwith, and laid within his grave,
Lest their great Passover should be profan'd
By bodies uninhum'd. Therefore in haste
A slave now came from Pilate, bearing charge
To the Centurion. As the Roman heard
He gave command. Then swift a soldier seiz'd
A club already stain'd with guilty blood,
And, by his comrades follow'd, hastily
Approach'd the outer cross. High o'er his head
His brawny arm the pond'rous weapon swung.

" Die !" he exclaim'd, and struck. The sinner's bones
Shiver'd beneath the blow, while from its base
The jarring cross e'en to its summit shook.
The hollow sound fell like a warning voice
Of death prophetic on th' expiring ear
Of the repentant criminal. He heard,
And hail'd the welcome sound. With scowling glance
The soldier then pass'd by the middle cross,
For to his troubled sight there seem'd to soar
Avenging furies. To the youth he came,
Who downward mildly look'd. The Roman paus'd;
Then, with design at once to end his pangs,
Summoning all his war-tried strength, he swung
Against th' expiring youth's faint limbs his club
Dripping with gore. Instant they broke. Loud crash'd
The echoing cross; while round its base the earth
Flew up in dust, the bones beneath were stirr'd.
Then tow'rd the middle cross with tardy steps
Once more the soldier turn'd, and standing gaz'd
Awhile upon the corse, then cried aloud
To his Commander, who beneath the hill
Paced thoughtful to and fro, " This man is dead !"

" I know already," the Centurion cried,
" He has expir'd: yet raise on high thy spear
" And pierce his heart!" he said, and turn'd aside,
Casting his eyes to earth. Bright gleam'd the spear.
Backward it drew, then, darting forwards, pierced
The sacred corse, and water gushing pour'd
Mingled with blood. This saw the penitent
With eyes bedimm'd, and as in death they clos'd,
" Lord God!" he cried, " The Merciful, the True!
" Into thine hands—Ye troops of Paradise,
" I see your robes, your palms! Into thine hands,
" Lord, Merciful, and True, lo I commend
" My parting spirit!" Thus he spoke, and died.
Abdiel no longer paus'd, but beaming bright
With joy celestial, now approach'd the soul,
Thus loos'd from death. Fast down his heav'nly cheek
Warm tears of rapture ran, while he beheld
The penitent thus pardon'd, thus redeem'd.
" Servant of the Most High!" the soul exclaim'd,
" For that thou art, thy lofty bearing shows
" The heav'nly peace which shines upon thy brow.
" 'Tis but with joy I tremble!" — " Come, thou first,

" By Jesus ransom'd, thou who hast obtain'd
" Grace even from the altar !" Abdiel cried,
" Come, for thy Saviour's promise is fulfill'd !
" Come to the joys of Paradise !" He spoke.
The happy soul pursued his rapid flight.

THE MESSIAH.

CANTO XII.

CANTO XII.

FEAR-STRUCK and sad, e'en to its inmost core,
Shudders the soul which dreads that God's decree
May thrust her from the heritage of bliss.
In labyrinths bewilder'd rove her thoughts:
Curses from Sinai or from Ebal spoke
Smite deeper on her startled memory
Than Golgotha's dread scene. Alas, she deems
She ne'er shall wear the white triumphal robe;
Ne'er wave the victor-palms in Heav'n; her brow
No shining crown shall wreathe! Bent to the dust,
Fainting with woe, one thought alone has pow'r
To rouze, to save her: the permission giv'n
To cast her cares, her sorrows, all on God!
In such affliction, so of hope bereft,
Remain'd the faithful few who own'd their Lord
The Christ of God, when dead on Golgotha
They saw his stiff'ning corse, when all around
Lay mute and desolate; so also rose
Arimathéan Joseph mid their band

To rouze them with his single voice from woe
So deep, so pow'rless. To inter the corse,
And thus retrieve his late timidity,
Boldly he now resolv'd; and from the hill
He cried so loud that, though in sorrow sunk,
Each mourner heard; his piercing accents reach'd
E'en the Centurion's ear. " I will inter
" This sacred body! Yonder ready lies
" His grave and mine! ah, no, my bones shall rest
" But at the entrance! Nicodemus, rise!
" Bring myrrh and spices, and await me here
" Beneath his cross! Behold to Pilate's hall
" I speed me now, thence swift will I return,
" And bring the fun'ral linen." Joseph spoke,
And hastily departed. With like speed,
With like resolve, he enters on his course
Who takes the path of Life, while Sin in vain
Bares her opposing dagger in his way,
Or sings her syren lullabies of joy
To win his stay. Joseph thus quickly reach'd
The Heathen palace. There stern Pilate sat
With troubled looks, while Portia's pallid cheek
And languid eye betray'd her secret grief.

" What would'st thou ask of me?" the Roman cried;
And Joseph answer'd, " Pilate, I would beg
" His corse, whom, knowing not, thou hast to-day
" Publicly crucified. His honour'd corse
" I would inter!"—" What is his corse to thee?"
Pilate exclaim'd. " Much, noble Roman, much!"
Joseph replied. " I pray thee by thy pow'r
" Which rules those murderers who thus have slain
" The Prophet of the Lord, on us his friends
" Bestow his sacred corse!"—" Is he then dead?"
The Roman ask'd. " Has he so soon expir'd?"
Here Portia could no more restrain her grief.
" Oh to this man, this righteous man," she cried,
While tears burst from her eyes, " allow the corse!"—
" Call the Centurion here who guards the cross,"
Pilate exclaim'd, " that I may question him!"
They strait obey'd. The Roman quickly came,
And Pilate thus demanded: " Is the Man
" To whom Barabbas was preferr'd, now dead?"
" He is," cried the Centurion. " True, his bones
" Have not been broken, but my soldier's spear
" Has pierced his heart. He was already dead."—
" Suffer this man to take away the corse,"

Pilate then said, " and let him bury it
" Where'er he will ! Hast thou a tomb prepared ?"
Of Joseph he demanded. " On the side
" Of Golgotha my sepulchre is hewn,"
Joseph replied, and hastily withdrew.
As he again approach'd the hill of death
The Mother of the Lord rais'd her sad eye,
And saw the faithful one advancing bring
The burial clothes. In bitter woe she wept ;
Still in her heart the poignant sword was fix'd ;
Yet spoke she not. Joseph now tow'rd the cross
With Nicodemus drew, and both exclaim'd
To those among the weeping witnesses
Whom, as they onward came, dispers'd they met,
" Pilate permits us to inter the corse,
" Our master's corse !" In vain the mourners heard,
They shrunk away. Ah, not like them withdrew
The heav'nly witnesses, the risen saints,
The Seraphim : they, near and nearer still,
Hover'd on viewless wings, and from their harps
Drew tones unheard by mortal ear, so sweet,
Dirges so heavenly, that had any heard
Of those now drown'd in grief, he had been rapt

In bliss above the skies, or sunk entranc'd
Beneath those angel harps' sad melodies,
Melting in anguish. — On the ground, meantime,
The myrrh, the spices, and the linen clothes,
Joseph and Nicodemus laid. The corse
Then from the cross they loos'd, and gently bore
Its sinking weight to earth. In deep repose
There stretch'd it lay. Meantime they rubb'd the sheet
With life-preserving spice, and vainly deem'd
Thus from corruption to secure that form
Which shall with trumpet call awake from death
Man's buried race. With care they swath'd the corse;
But when beneath their trembling hands the pall
Bore bloody stains, th' etherial choir at once
Burst into voice. Thus in alternate strain
The angels sung: " Oh, who is this that comes
" From Golgotha in garments dy'd with blood?
" Who wears this red apparel?" Th' answering choir,
Loud as the trumpet-voice of judgment, cried:
" I who speak righteousness; mighty to save!"
" Why are thy garments red? Why stain'd thy robes
" As his who treads the wine-vat?"—" I have trod
" The wine-press singly, none have stood with me!

" For in mine anger have I crush'd my foes,
" And trod them in my fury: their red blood
" Has stain'd my raiment! Yes, salvation's work
" Has dy'd my robes; for now the day of wrath,
" The year of my redeem'd is come! Behold,
" I look'd around me, and saw none to help!
" Wond'ring I look'd, but lo, no man was there!
" Then brought mine arm salvation! My fierce wrath
" Upheld itself! I have trod down my foes!
" Lo, in my fury have I made them drunk!
" I have reduc'd their glory to the dust!"
In notes of triumph thus the angels sung.
From the pale temples Joseph now took off
The bloody wreath, and round the brow divine
A linen fillet wrapp'd. Ah, then, with tears
Burst forth the heav'nly choir: " Lo, he is dead,
" Jesus is dead!" Still rang the mournful tones
While Nicodemus, aiding Joseph, rais'd
The sacred body from the earth, and bore
The holy burden down the hill of death.
" Alas!" the angels sung, " He, who with God
" Deem'd it not robb'ry to be equal, He,
" Fairest among ten thousand, has thus stoop'd

" To ignominious death! See, for his robes
" Yon idol-worshippers have cast their lots!
" To quench his burning thirst they offer'd him
" Gall mix'd with vinegar: the cup of scorn
" Mock'd his afflicted soul!"

The strain of grief
Suddenly ceas'd, and loud the heav'nly choir
Shouting exclaim'd; " Woe to Jerusalem!
" Woe to her guilty sons! Hark, their dread cry
" For the Messiah's blood already fills the ear
" Of their victorious foe: already draw
" Rome's eagles round the carcase! Woe to thee!
" Thou death-devoted city!"

Down the hill
Still mov'd the pious bearers with the corse
Tow'rds the lone sepulchre, which hewn in rock,
By lofty trees o'erhung, lay deep in shade.
There from the vault's dark mouth they roll'd the stone,
And Joseph's eye, exploring each recess,
Sought out the place of sepulture — " Ah here,

" Thy weary head shall find at length a place
" Whereon to rest!" he thought. They laid the corse
Gently within the tomb, averting oft
Their sorrowing eyes; then slow, with languid arms
Heav'd the huge stone which clos'd the sepulchre
Before its mouth, and darkness shadowing spread
O'er the Redeemer's body. Then again
Chanted the heav'nly choir. Bright through the gloom
Of death's grim vault they saw the rosy beam
Of Resurrection's fast approaching dawn:
" Behold!" in strains of triumph loud they sang,
" Scarce close the shades of death around thee, Lord,
" When light already breaks! Yes, Golgotha
" Already stirs with life! Hark, our glad harps
" Hail thine arising! We behold thee not
" Sleeping in shades of terror, but mid palms
" Waving in triumph for thy victory,
" Thou conqueror of death! Oh wail him now,
" Ye his beloved friends, who yet must tread
" Your pilgrimage of dust! Yes, wail him now!
" Soon will your tears for rapture be exchang'd!"
The Seraphim here ceas'd.

Deep silence reign'd
Around the tomb by men and angels left.
Mute were the strains of harps, the sobs of woe,
O'er thee, Redeemer, who thus, laid in peace
Upon thy bloody altar, didst repose
From the fierce pangs of thine atoning death!
Now to the mother of the Lord spoke John:
" Behold entomb'd he lies, and we must leave
" This hill of death! Mother, I lead thy steps
" Home to my dwelling!" Veiling her pale face,
Slowly she follow'd his conducting course.
Beneath the Temple's shade, mid thick grown palms
A solitary building stood, the home
Of John, the lov'd disciple. To this spot
He guided Mary, weeping as she went;
He too in sorrow bending. As they pass'd,
He pray'd each well-known mourner to console
His grief-sunk mother. To the house of woe
Gather'd the sad assembly.

Flow, my lay,
In melancholy measure, while I sing
The tears of weeping friendship: a sad plaint

Like that of Israel o'er the bloody vest
Which told his son was dead! With fainting step
And shorten'd breath, within th' assembly came
The mother of the Lord. When she beheld
The place now vacant, where she oft had seen
Her heavenly Son, and heard his speech divine,
Now vacant, and for ever! loud she sobb'd,
And, kneeling, bent her forehead to the ground.
In this sad posture Mary Magdalen,
With Mary, mother of the Zebedees,
Found her still prostrate. By their aid uprear'd,
Again, close veil'd as at the cross, she sat,
While all stood mute around her, till in haste
Peter among them rush'd, and wildly cried,
" He is interr'd! Oh may I soon with him
" Lie in the grave!" Simon the Canaanite,
With Matthew, enter'd. Philip also came,
With James, the son of Alpheus; but alone,
Absorb'd in speechless woe, Lebbaus came,
And in the hall's darkest extremity
Hiding his face he sat. Then enter'd James,
The son of Zebedee, and with rais'd eyes
He stretch'd his arms to Heav'n: " Yes, he is dead!"

In grief's deep tone he cried. " Yes, he is dead !
" Vain is all human greatness ! Vain all worth !
" Vain is that virtue, which in noble deeds,
" Rather than show, delights ! Yes, all is vain !
" Tyrants and vice have triumph'd !" Thus he spoke,
And rush'd again without. Bartholomew,
Andrew, and Cleopas, young Semida,
Then enter'd with Matthias, and as each
Beheld the other, deeper grew their grief,
Their woe more inconsolable. None spoke;
E'en Sorrow's stifl'd sob but faintly breath'd
Through the dim hall, where Magdalen had hung
One solitary lamp, whose dying ray
Scarce pierc'd the gloom. At length Lebbaus cried:
" What have we longer now on earth to do,
" Our slaughter'd Lord not there ? Alas ! of late
" He said that in his heav'nly Father's house
" Were many mansions ! Oh admit us, Lord,
" But to their threshold ! Let us not remain
" In these sad huts of clay ! Behold, henceforth
" I own no solace but in death; I hear
" No talk but of the grave ! The voice of spring
" Sounds not so pleasant to mine ear, the hymns

" Within the Temple pealing not so sweet,
" As his who speaks of death! Oh, then, my friends,
" Let us, with staff in hand, and girded robes,
" Stand ready to depart!" Scarce had he ceas'd
When Thomas enter'd, and with ling'ring foot
Stood at the door. The picture pierc'd his soul.
There mourn'd the good, the pious of the world,
Bereft of all: no helper upon earth,
Jesus was gone! No comforter from Heav'n!
Dim as a sepulchre to his sad eyes
The hall appear'd; the weeping mourners sat
Like statues of the dead; and Didymus,
Sunk fainting to the earth.

Meanwhile, outstretch'd
On Death's cold pallet the young Mary lay,
Sister of Lazarus. Her labouring heart
Which heav'd for life, the dew on her pale brow
Announc'd approaching death. A heavy sleep,
Precursor of the slumber of the tomb,
Weigh'd down her eye-lids. From its stupor rous'd,
Sudden she rais'd her head, and with dim glance
Sought Martha's languid eye in sorrow dried,

Weary of weeping. " Sister," she exclaim'd,
" All have forsaken me ! E'en Lazarus,
" My brother, and Nathaniel, come no more ;
" And, lo, I die ! Alas ! with them I liv'd,
" Without them must I die !" — " Oh blame them not !"
Martha replied. " Doubt not their truth ! Perhaps
" Their heav'nly Master to the wilderness
" Has led them forth ; there they behold him feed
" The hungry multitudes, and to their souls
" Offer the Bread of Life !" — " I blame them not !"
Mary return'd : — " I doubt not those I love !
" But, ah, my troubled soul in gloom is wrapp'd !"
" What !" exclaim'd Martha, "comes that darkness now,
" Which oft has chequer'd thy else cheerful life
" With clouds of sadness, comes it thus in death ?
" Oh, rouze thee, sister !" — " Darkness call it not,
" Call not the will of God by that sad name,
" Martha, I charge thee !" Mary soft replied : —
" Have I indeed known sorrow ? yet, oh think,
" What joys have still been mine ! Friends like thyself,
" The happiness, by Heav'n's bright angels sung,
" Jesus to view, to hear his speech divine,
" To see his miracles ! Yes, I should raise

" My voice in gratitude for joy like this.
" I have beheld the Lord of Life and Death.
" Haste, and prepare my tomb! There will I rest
" Where Lazarus once slept!" — " Oh, Mary, there,
" Where Lazarus arose, shalt thou too rise,"
Martha exclaim'd, " rous'd by His pow'rful voice
" Who wakes the dead!" — " Welcome, thou pleasing hope,
" I hail thee!" Mary cried. " Go, trim my grave,
" Beloved Martha; leave me here with God!"
" Mary, I leave thee not," her sister cried,
" Yet art thou with thy God, with Abrah'm's God,
" The God of Isaac and his seed!" — " Stay, then!"
Mary replied. " He, who in Heav'n resides,
" Yet marks the sons of men, and hears their prayer;
" The God of Jesus, and of Abraham,
" Lo, He is with me!" As she spoke, within
Her secret soul, her fervent prayer she pour'd.
Then cried in gentle tone, " The Lord of Life,
" The Omnipresent God is round my couch!
" The Helper in Judea prays for me!"
She spoke, and sunk in slumber. Her firm soul,
Though faint in death, still to her Saviour cleav'd.

While thus she slept, Martha beside her couch
Stood in deep watch, with breath restrain'd, lest ought
Might, stirring, wake from slumber one so dear;
One, who was soon to join their forefathers,
To tread the narrow vale of death, and leave
Her sorrowing sister desolate! With woe
The heart of Martha throbb'd: one silent tear
Down her cheek trickl'd; but no sob of grief
Escap'd her lip; she check'd the shorten'd breath
In anguish heav'd, and mute, and motionless,
Beside the couch she stood, scarce visible
Within the darken'd chamber: for the lamp,
The lonely night's companion, oft of late,
Not until morn extinguish'd, flicker'd pale
Around its loaded wick. As 'neath some rock,
To gain whose cooling shade, with weary foot
The wand'rer through the arid desert hastes,
He finds a recent tomb, on which outstretch'd
The statue of the dead recumbent rests;
Beside it stands a mourner, pale and stiff
E'en as the marble, while the darksome vault
Scarcely admits a struggling beam of day:
So by thine angel, Mary, wert thou found

With Martha by thee, when within the room
Invisible he came. With darken'd rays
Stood the celestial Chebar at the foot
Of Mary's dying couch. Still, as he gaz'd,
His beauty, his etherial brilliancy,
Faded to palest twilight. From his cheek
The rosy colour fled; his eye grew dim;
Down dropp'd his wings, like shadows, without sound,
No longer with celestial azure tipp'd,
No longer dripping gold, exhaling scents
From Heav'n's eternal spring. From his fair brow
He took the shining crown; his languid hand
Scarce in his sorrow might sustain its weight.
He knew he had no pow'r to aid, till death
Should burst the suff'rer's bonds.

Meantime, afar,
In John's sad dwelling, Laz'rus yet remain'd.
At length he cried: — "See, midnight's hour draws near,
" And, lo, at Bethany my sister lies
" In death's cold arms! I must perforce away,
" Living or dead to see her once again!
" Mother of Him," to Mary he exclaim'd,

" Whose name, the song of angels, to thine ear
" I scarcely now may utter, may the God
" Who sees and counts thy tears, the God of Him,
" Thy buried Son, for ever be with thee!"
He spoke, and with Nathaniel hasten'd forth.
Silent and sad, led by the trembling hand
Of anxious expectation, they approach'd
The lonely house, the grave's sad vestibule,
Where slept the dying maiden. Round her couch
With Martha now they stood, while her pale head
Mary, awaking from her slumber, turn'd,
And hastily exclaim'd: — " Thanks to thee, Lord,
" Giver of life and death! Lo, they are come!"
" Mary," cried Lazarus, " how deals the Lord
" With thy dejected spirit?" — " Merciful,
" And gracious is our God," Mary replied,
" E'en in his chastisements! My trembling soul
" Shrinks not before Corruption's dismal view,
" 'Plains not that I must leave ye! Yet, alas!
" Shudd'ring I hear the voice, ' Cursed is he
" Who keeps not the whole law!' Tell me, my friends,
" Will Jesus pray for me? Ah, would he deign
" To intercede for me, through death's dark vale
" Fearless would I proceed; would lay me down

" Calmly to taste his sleep! Oh, think ye not
" My earthly pilgrimage is well nigh clos'd?
" Martha! Nathaniel! ye are silent, all!
" May the Lord's will be done!" His folded hands
Tow'rds Heaven Laz'rus rais'd. " Lord!" he exclaim'd,
" E'en as a woman pitieth her child,
" Do thou have mercy on us! Yes, we know
" That though the mother may forget her babe
" Thou wilt remember us!" Weeping, he spake.
Nathaniel fervently exclaim'd, " Oh, Lord,
" Hide not thy face from her, but o'er her soul
" Shed peace and hope!" — " Mary," cried Lazarus,
" The pangs of death with joy thou wilt sustain
" When thou shalt know who has preceded thee,
" Who waits thee in the heav'n of heav'ns! Behold,
" I from the grave have risen, yet again,
" With thee, my sister, fain would I return!
" To me the voice of death more sweet will sound
" Than chanted hymns!" — " What say'st thou, Lazarus?"
Mary demanded. " Lo, with awe and joy
" I wait thine answer!"—" What our God hath done,
" Beloved sister," firmly Laz'rus spoke,
" I will impart to thee! I will not hide

" His ways, though awful, from thee. Jesus Christ,
" Our heav'nly friend, the Pardoner of sin,
" Has died upon the cross!" — " Upon the cross!"
Faintly repeated Mary, while her head
Sunk on its pillow: " Lord, was this thy will?
" Then for my pangs I glorify thy name,
" And follow our dead Master!" As she spoke,
Her tongue grew stiff; the hue, the peace of death
Spread o'er her brow, and Lazarus exclaim'd,
" Pass then, my sister, to the joys of Heav'n!
" Alas, my heart was link'd on earth to thine,
" Yet calmly do I see thee leave thy clay
" And speed thee to the sky! Be thou her staff,
" Shepherd of Israel, through Death's murky vale,
" And lead her to the land where tears no more
" Furrow the cheek, where Woe's discordant voice
" Mingles no more with Joy's glad harmony!"
As Laz'rus spoke, in Mary's answering eye
The peace of Heav'n, Salvation's glorious hope,
Sparkled serene and bright. When Chebar saw
Death's conquest thus approaching, with such joy
Thrill'd his etherial frame, that whisp'ring sounds,
As from a distance, from his quiv'ring wings

Ran through the air. The silent mourners heard
The slight vibrations, but knew not their cause.
But now the Seraph his soul-breathing harp
Suddenly seiz'd, and in the trance of joy
Swept o'er its shining strings his trembling hand:
And Mary caught its tones, as if from Heav'n,
And, list'ning, rais'd her dying head to hear,
By Laz'rus' and Nathaniel's aid sustain'd.
No more did Chebar tremble; from his harp,
With gentle touch, music unspeakable
His fingers drew. Soft rung of Heav'n's calm peace
Each answering chord, now sunk the melting tones,
Then rose in high "Amen!" awak'ning joy
In the rapt list'ner's soul, exalted thoughts,
Unknown sensations, as from death to life;
Such as the Prophet felt, when round him heav'd
The stirring plain, and the dry bones arose.
Still deeper swell'd the harp's celestial chords,
Loud rung the heav'nly summons, and instill'd
Peace, such as Earth has not, within the soul
Well nigh releas'd. Louder and louder yet
Peal'd the high strain with rushing melody
Sweeping like whirlwinds on; for now, entranc'd

To Inspiration's height, the Seraph's voice
Rose with the harp, and thus his accents rung:
" Oh, holy, holy, holy, is the Lord
" Who died on Calvary! Who there pour'd forth
" His blood to ransom Man!" Th' expiring maid,
Already half a corse, could now no more
Sustain the bliss th' angelic music shed
O'er her weak heart; she died: while near her sunk
Her kneeling brother, and as her cold hand
Between his own he press'd, and strove to check
His gushing tears, he cried in accent firm:
" To Him, who bids us seek through Death's dark vale
" The path to Life, be praise and glory giv'n!
" Behold, my sister, to the realms of joy
" Thy spirit has escap'd! Nor there alone
" Shall it abide; this form corruptible
" Shall put on incorruption; this frail flow'r,
" By tempests bent so early to the earth,
" Shall rear its stem in beauty at that day,
" When with eternal morning shall commence
" An everlasting Spring! If yet my voice
" May reach thine ear, if one who dwells mid graves
" May yet salute thee, for the last time hear,

" Hear, while I bless thee, Mary! Oh may He,
" Our now departed Master, bless thee too,
" My much-lov'd sister!"

E'en ere Laz'rus pray'd
The Lord had blest her. Ere th' etherial form,
Which from God's plastic hand transparent drew
Round her escaping soul, had yet attain'd
Its ripen'd brilliancy, with joy confus'd
The happy spirit had already felt
Her freedom from the burden of her clay:
But when, with light enrob'd, beyond the clouds
Upward she sprung, with consciousness complete
Of bliss intense she cried, " Oh dream of life,
" On earth began and clos'd with tears, behold,
" Thou art for ever fled, and I have wak'd!"
As thus she cried, higher and higher still,
Lovely as Spring, light as the buoyant air,
And swift as quickest thought, tow'rd Heav'n she soar'd.
Still as she rose she heard the distant spheres
Rolling in music, she beheld entranc'd
Creation's boundless space before her spread.

Laz'rus, meantime, in thoughts beyond the grave
Silently rapt, the house of sorrow sought
Where wept the mourners. Ere he reach'd its walls
One of the seventy, meeting him, describ'd
In words of fire the marvels which had pass'd
Within the city. Lazarus advanc'd,
And soon distinguish'd sorrow's stifled moan
Low issuing from the darken'd hall: " Oh rise,
" Thou weeping mother, from thy grief's abyss,
" And hear me!" he exclaim'd. " When Jesus died,
" The earth was shaken; darkness, as thou saw'st,
" Cover'd her face; she quak'd beneath our feet!
" But yet thou know'st not how our God by signs
" Anew his glory testifies. Behold,
" Yet reek'd the victims in the Temple court,
" And through the gloom, which veil'd Moriah, rose
" The red and quiv'ring flames. Silent and pale
" The sacrificers by their altars stood,
" And through the darkness strain'd their eager eyes
" To see, within the gates, the Sanctuary,
" Holy of holies! In the Temple kneel'd
" A band of priests, thanking th' avenging God
" For that fresh blood which on the cross yet flow'd;

" And mid their impious thanks, their fiery eyes
" Turn'd also to the Sanctuary. Ah, then,
" Th' Avenger bar'd his arm! E'en from the roof
" Down to its lowest edge the sacred veil
" Was rent in twain! With deadly terror seiz'd,
" The kneeling worshippers in Fear's cold grasp
" Well nigh benumb'd had sunk. Stagg'ring they rose.
" Horror pursu'd them, pale and mute they fled,
" As if from death t' escape. But ah, to us
" Consoling thought! He who has just expir'd,
" 'Tis He who wraps the trembling earth in shade,
" He rends the rocks before him, and unveils
" To mortal eye His glory's Sanctuary!"
The mourners heard in silence. Their sad hearts
With awe were struck, but grief was there too deep
T' admit of consolation. Thus in vain
To him, whose giddy brain reels at each step
Which leads him down the yawning precipice,
Blooms the fair vale beneath! He sees it not,
Though richly wave its woods, though the clear stream
Reflect its sunny features. Laz'rus mark'd
Their settled anguish. " If," he cried, " such signs
" Of wonder move ye not, yet ah, rejoice,

" That Mary, my lov'd sister, weeps no more,
" No longer shares our pain !" — " Oh Lazarus !"
Cried Magdalen, " thy words are angel sounds !
" Is then thy heavenly sister gone to Christ ?
" Canst thou not tell us more ? Lo thou hast lain
" Among the dead, think'st thou not we thy friends
" Quickly may join them ? Ah, thou answer'st not !
" Alas, we may not share so soon their bliss !"
Sighing she ceas'd. Pale Midnight o'er the earth
Spread her dark veil. Gloomy as death she came,
Sad as the grave to that afflicted band
Who mourn'd their Master. They had deem'd her shades
Lovelier than Spring's gay tint, while Christ with them
Had pass'd the hours in pray'r; but dismal now,
Dread seem'd her darkness : his celestial voice
Was mute in death ! Lower and lower sunk
The tones of lamentation, tears no more
A sad relief afforded. Cold, deep woe,
With mountain pressure, overwhelm'd their hearts.
Even the pitying Seraphim beheld
With troubl'd looks the melancholy group:
For o'er the earth still countless angels soar'd

To view the race to their Creator's love
Thus by his Son restor'd. Alas! too oft
The joy of these celestial witnesses by grief
Is quickly damp'd: they stretch their purple wings,
And brush earth's noxious atmosphere away,
As from his wearied foot the traveller shakes
The clinging dust!

By Christ's dark sepulchre
The seraph Gabriel sat. Near Heav'n's bright verge
Eloa on a sparkling orb remain'd,
There waiting till from God's high throne should come
The Majesty of Jesus. Gabriel gaz'd
With watch intent upon a distant star,
Which, by celestial token, should announce
The hour of resurrection. All at once
Bright colours mingling with its radiant beams
Shone out with dazzling lustre. As the sign
Gabriel perceiv'd, ruddy with joy he glow'd,
While darting forward, like a storm his flight,
His speed as lightning, to the graves he flew,
And cried in tones resistless as the blast
Which lays the forest prostrate: "Come, ye Saints,

" Come, Angels, to the sepulchre !" They came.
Thick round the tomb the long procession drew,
While in the midst sat Gabriel on the vault,
Joyful as if on clouds of burnish'd gold.
Then rose a sacred strain. The trumpet's voice
The harp's full chords a stream of music pour'd;
(Faint as its dying echo flows my song !)
Softer and sweeter still the measure grew,
The whisp'ring harp, the trumpet's mellow tone
Melted in harmonies inaudible
But to celestial ear. We hear them not!
Yet sometimes o'er the ear of him they steal
Who, dying, wakes to bliss amid their sounds.
Once did the rapt Isaiah hear their voice;
When the bright Seraphim, with faces veil'd,
Sung, " Holy, holy, holy, Lord of Hosts !
" Thy glory fills the earth !" while at their strain
The pillars trembled at the Temple gate.
Still with the Seraphim, the risen saints
Now mix'd their silv'ry voices. As he gaz'd
Upon his Saviour's grave, Isaiah sung :
" Lo, he has borne our grief, our sorrow's load
" He has sustain'd ! Sinners esteem'd him struck,

" Smitten to earth by God's avenging hand:
" But 'twas for our transgressions he was bruis'd,
" Wounded for our iniquities! On him
" The chastisement which brings us peace was laid!
" His stripes have heal'd us! When he was oppress'd
" He open'd not his mouth, but like a lamb
" Brought to the slaughter, mute he went to death!
" Now is his sacrifice for sin complete!
" See, countless as the drops of dew shall be
" His ransom'd seed: eternity of joy
" Their blissful lot! For he hath pour'd to death
" His righteous soul, hath intercession made,
" And borne the sins of a transgressing world!
" Glory to God's Anointed! Hark, we sing
" Our grateful hallelujah!" Rapt in bliss
While on their Saviour's sacrifice they mus'd,
With echoing whisper, like the murmuring breeze
Which stirs the Tree of Life and fans its leaves,
The countless throng repeated the glad strain:
" Glory to God's Anointed! Hark, we sing
" Our grateful hallelujahs to his name!"

The Roman guard, meanwhile, around the tomb
Had been exchang'd. Again the watch was held

Beneath his charge, who saw the Saviour die,
Felt Golgotha beneath his footsteps heave,
Heard the rocks rend. Around the close-seal'd stone,
Which vainly barr'd the sacred body, drew
The wond'ring soldiers; while, with anxious mien,
Lost in a lab'rinth of conflicting doubts,
Amid them, Cneus, the Centurion, stood.
Night's tranquil hour, the moonlight's chasten'd beam,
Invited contemplation. But in vain
Sought he a clue to issue from the maze
Which yet bewilder'd him. Against the tomb
Silent he lean'd. "Was he the Son of God?"
Inly he mus'd. "Yet of what God? Of him
"These Israelites adore? Oh, wherefore still,
"When on that awful Deity I think
"Whom this now vanquish'd and degraded race
"Have nam'd Jehovah, rise within my mind
"Doubts of our Jupiter's divinity?
"Jehovah, God of gods, He names himself,
"And not by voice alone, but deeds of pow'r!
"But — were this man the Son of that great God,
"Could he have died? If he but human were
"How wrought he acts so great?" While thus he mus'd,

A messenger approaching whisper'd low
These hasty words: " Cneus, from Portia sent,
" I come to ask thee, ' Is all tranquil here;
" Comes no one to the corse?' Fain had she come
" Herself to ask thee, but that might not be!"
" Tell Portia," the Centurion cried, " that here
" Unbroken reigns the stillness of the tomb!
" No one the corse approaches!" Hastily
The messenger departed. " Would that while
" He hung upon the cross," the Roman thought,
" I then had question'd him! Now cold in death
" Speechless he lies — for ever? He alone
" Who sent him to the earth can know. But may
" The dead arise? Yon corse, while yet in life,
" So promis'd his sad foll'wers! E'en his foes
" Confirm the expectation, else why here
" Stand we to guard his sepulchre?" Thus lost
In doubt's dark lab'rinth the Centurion mus'd:
For yet th'Almighty hid his guiding hand,
Nor pointed out to the bewilder'd soul
The straiten'd gate, the steep and narrow path
To life immortal.

Tow'rd th' Asphaltic sea,
Meantime, Obaddon, minister of Death,
Spread his broad wing; and soon, envelop'd thick
In sable clouds, upon its shore he stood,
And call'd th' apostate angels. Big and high
Swell'd the dark waves, as rose the rebel pair
Erect before him. Then his cloudy robe
Aside the Angel cast: o'er his stern brow
One shade yet linger'd, one dark thunder cloud
Which, slowly rolling off, athwart the lake
Spread its broad shadow. Satan, struggling deep
To muster his sore-wounded strength, exclaim'd,
" Happy and pow'rful slave, what brings thee here?"
" Satan," Obaddon answer'd, " the great Dead
" Who is about to rise, commands thee fly
" Back to th' abyss of hell: yet ere thou goest
" Follow my course to yonder hill of death,
" Where crucified he hung — there will he rise!
" For that short space in which my flaming sword
" One rapid whirl may make, thou shalt behold
" Thy Victor rise. Then will he bruise thy head!
" Then amid Scorn's loud hiss, the yelling laugh
" Of demon's ridicule, avaunt to hell!"

With fury Satan glar'd, yet durst he not
Approach the Angel, for the fearful sword
Stream'd with red flames, e'en though still motionless
It rested in his hand. Adramelech,
Struggling in vain to roar his blasphemy,
Stood stiff and mute. " Fly !" cried Obaddon, " fly !"
And as he bade, the darkening sheath of clouds
Around his fiery sword began to smoke.
Confus'd the rebels stood, when suddenly
Between them Abbadona passing, came
Before Obaddon, and imploring cried:
" Though God's avenging minister thou art,
" Yet, heav'nly Seraph, thou canst pity feel !
" Oh say, may Abbadona also see
" The mighty Dead arise? Alas, I know
" I may not worship him: but suffer me,
" Oh suffer me, to view the Victor's pomp !
" Let me behold Sin's great Atoner quit
" His lonely grave !"— " Slave, not of God, but hell !"
Satan with stamm'ring fury wildly cried,
" Vilest of slaves !" when suddenly he stopp'd,
Check'd by Obaddon. " Satan, hold thy peace !
" No mission, Abbadona, bring I thee.

" I know not how much longer upon earth
" Thou may'st abide, nor whether thou may'st view
" The sacred corse arise. I may but say
" That Golgotha, by hosts of seraphim,
" By risen saints, is circled. But canst thou,
" Unhappy Abbadona, hope with joy
" Like those blest saints, with ecstasy like ours
" To see him rise?" — " Oh, not with ecstasy!
" Oh, not with joy!" beseechingly he cried,
" But let me, let me see him!" — " Follow me,
" Vile coward," cried Adramelech, " to hell!
" What dar'st thou not? Thy terrors are but just!"
With stern, yet melancholy air, his head
Sad Abbadona shook. " I fear thee not,
" Fierce tyrant! 'Tis the risen saints, the ranks
" Of happy angels, 'tis Jehovah's self,
" Alas, become my foe, alone, I fear!"
He spoke, and sorrowing turn'd. " I follow thee!"
Satan in fury to Obaddon cried,
While, as he flew, his brow, by lightning scarr'd,
Darker and darker frown'd. " I also come!"
Adramelech exclaim'd. " Back, rebel, back!"
The Angel thund'ring cried. " God's universe

" Thou shalt behold no more! Blindness shall seal
" Thine impious eye! A wild and dismal howl
" Alone shall guide thy course! Fly, demon, fly!"
Already blindness clos'd the fiend's dark eye;
The storm already roar'd around his path;
And as it onward rush'd, a howling voice,
Now at a distance sinking, then again
Fearfully close, compell'd the sullen fiend's
Reluctant flight. As still with piercing yell
" Woe! woe!" it onward shriek'd, in the shrill tone
Of angry vengeance, through the demon's soul
Resistless terror thrill'd. At each dread howl
He deem'd the mountains from some distant star
Were falling, with terrific crash, to smite
His guilty head, and bury his dark form
Beneath their smoking ruins.

By the tomb,
The saints and angels, meantime, heard from far,
Through Heav'n's sun-girded plains, a mighty storm,
Rushing, advance. In wonder wrapt, each orb
Its polar music hush'd, as the dread sound
Proclaim'd another miracle. With awe

Already had they view'd Jehovah's self
Descend to Tabor: from her wonted path
Already had they seen a star diverge
To veil Earth's sun: Creation's countless spheres
They had beheld arrested in their course!
With looks of joy th' angelic circle hail'd
Th' advancing sound, and rais'd their list'ning heads,
While, from the highest heav'ns, more swift than thought,
The whirlwind came, rush'd through the Milky Way,
Echoing from star to star. Tow'rd Earth it came.
Then with a glowing face, with eye on fire,
In Heav'n's own ecstasy, bright as the sun,
When trembling from its Maker's hand it roll'd
To gild the Earth with liquid brilliancy,
Eloa darted down among the ranks
Which circled Golgotha. "The moment comes!
"The glorious moment comes! With morn's first streak
"The sin-atoning God will from yon tomb
"Awake his corse! E'en now I hear his step!"
Meantime, the tempest, token through the skies
Of God's Omnipotence, had slack'd its course
Lest Earth should flee before it. No more now
Its thunder sounded: winds alone swept by,

Bending, in duteous homage, tow'rds the tomb,
From Lebanon's dark sides, to Sion's hill,
The cedar's tufted heads. Then quak'd the Earth;
The hills of Pisgah, Seir, and Hermon, shook.
The wood-capp'd brow of lofty Lebanon
Rock'd in the clouds. But yet the grave stirr'd not:
Still lay the huge stone motionless, which clos'd
The sepulchre's deep mouth. Gabriel with joy
Gaz'd on the shapeless fragment, for to him
The Saviour had vouchsafed the sacred charge
To roll the mass away. Prostrate to earth
Before th' approaching glory of the Lord
Mute fell the rest of the seraphic host,
In Wonder's ecstasy. No mortal ear
Could hear like theirs, the Tempest's hollow voice,
Earth's deep, convulsive groan. As, in that hour,
When suddenly shall cease the cry of grief,
That sad unbroken cry, which, since Man's fall,
Has ever ris'n from Earth; when Time's last breath,
Laps'd in the ocean of the past, no more
Shall waft to Heav'n the tear of new-born life,
The sob of death; as, in that awful hour
Ten thousand times ten thousand saints of God,

Their eyes with rapture glist'ning, their new frames
Thrilling with bliss, shall drown the trumpet's blast
With shouts of triumph: so around the tomb
The spirits, who in awe and hope had sunk,
Sprung from the earth with joy's ecstatic bound,
When, suddenly, the clouds of Heav'n were rent,
Flames shot across the sky, the trembling ground
Heav'd 'neath the sepulchre. Then Satan fell
Like a huge mountain, and the Roman guard
Sunk to the dust, while Gabriel from the grave
Roll'd back the stone! Jehovah's self rejoic'd!
And Jesus rose!

How shall I sing the rest?
How e'en in faintest echo shall my song
Attain that height of bliss, Saviour, by thee,
By those who saw thee shar'd? Striving, I plume
My flight for Heav'n; alas! my sinking wings
Too plainly evidence that yet on earth
Mid graves I wander — not yet sown t' await
Eternity's ripe harvest!

Hark! with shouts

Rise the celestial bands, as they behold
The Son of God ascending thus in pomp
After his mortal conflict! No more now
With drooping head, as on the cross, but bright
With majesty divine, from thy dark tomb,
Great Saviour, (Hallelujah!) didst thou soar
In pomp unspeakable, with triumph clad!
Crown'd with eternal vict'ry didst thou rise,
Mighty Redeemer, at whose sacred name
All knees henceforth shall bow in heav'n and earth,
And in the lowest deep!

"Behold," he said,
"Ere to my Father's glory I ascend,
"On Tabor ye shall see me!" As he spoke
He vanish'd from their sight, and the glad host
Sped their swift course to Tabor.

Senseless, stretch'd
On that same spot where to the earth he fell
Before the tomb, lay Satan! but at once
Gabriel's approach, like whirlwind's roar, he heard,

And struggling sought to rise. " Fly to the deep !"
The Conqueror's angel cried. " Linger no more
" On Earth's fair surface !" Swift the demon fled:
But in the distant wilderness he paus'd,
And glar'd with vacant gaze upon the waste,
Till, fearful as the terrors of the Lord,
Loud as a hurricane, behind him roar'd
Gabriel's commanding voice. Then Satan rush'd
Wild through Creation's spheres, and plung'd to hell.

Already twice the midnight hour had found
Israel's assembled priests, with anxious looks,
Thronging the hall of Caiaphas; and now
Their sleepless eyes again beheld a ray
Tinge the pale east. Silent in thought they sat
Revolving the event, while, mid the web
Of fluctuating doubts, rose vividly
The image of the close-seal'd stone, the corse,
The Roman guard. Uncertainty's dark waves
Rolling around them, drew with stormy force
Their troubled souls within her restless gulf.
Thus came the third dread day.

Round the Lord's tomb
The Roman watch, recov'ring, now began
To rouze them from their swoon. " How hast thou far'd?"
One to his comrade cried. " That earthquake's shock
" Has fell'd me to the dust!" — " I too have fall'n!"
Replied his rising comrade; while a third,
Still pale and fear-struck on the ground, exclaim'd:
" Earth shook beneath us, and against this rock
" Headlong I fell!"—" I look'd for nought but death,"
Exclaim'd another, " when the whirlwind rush'd,
" Howling so fiercely by! But see, yon stone
" Is split asunder!" As the soldiers spoke
Cneus their chief advanc'd. " No," he exclaim'd,
" Yon fragment is not broken, though no more
" The grave it closes! Soldiers of the guard,
" Make answer to your names!" The list was made.
Then to the tomb the Roman chief advanc'd,
And found it empty, while the pond'rous stone,
Roll'd from its entrance, now remotely lay.
All wond'ring saw; and Cneus cried aloud:
" Ye may depart!" Then choosing from the troop
A trusty messenger: " Go!" he exclaim'd,

" Haste to the hall of Caiaphas, and mark
" Whether th' assembl'd priests are there: then turn,
" And bring me answer. I, meantime, thy steps
" More slowly will pursue."—" Where goest thou, say?"
His comrades question'd him. " To Caiaphas,"
The soldier answer'd, as with haste he sped.
The others follow'd. As an evil thought
Oft in the hour of gloomy discontent
Darts through the startled soul, so suddenly,
So unexpected, breathless with amaze
Into the mute assembly burst at once
The Roman soldier. " Yonder grave," he cried,
" In vain ye bade us guard! Earth heaving quak'd!
" The stone is rolled away! The sepulchre
" Lies yawning empty!" As he spoke these words
He turn'd and left the hall. Up from their seats
Started the priests, and stood, with stiffen'd limbs,
Statues of fear! Then rush'd within the hall
Three other soldiers, and together cried:
" Now, see ye to yourselves! The stone is gone!
" Loud roar'd a whirlwind; deeply heav'd the earth;
" The grave is empty! To the ground we fell,
" As struck by death, and when we rose again

" The sepulchre was vacant!" The dread words
Fell on the list'ning priests like Heav'n's red bolt,
Shock upon shock succeeding, and the last
Ever the fiercest. Then arose a cry
Of wild and madd'ning laughter through the hall.
'Twas Philo's voice, in Fear's insanity.
But now again to death-like silence sunk
The short-liv'd tumult; and stern Caiaphas
Muster'd once more his courage. Strait he sent
For Israel's elders, and with urgent speed,
Obedient to his call, thronging they came.
Then others of the guard arriving cried,
" We see ye know th' event! We thank the gods
" We are alive! How could ye venture, priests,
" To slay your thund'ring Deity's great Son?
" Behold his grave is empty, and with life
" Scarce have we 'scap'd!" But Caiaphas replied:
" Nay, soldiers, come, refresh ye by my hearths!
" Was your Commander with you?"—"Yes!" they cried.
" He fell, like us, to earth; and, rising, saw
" The open tomb, as we did?" Caiaphas
Then led the soldiers forth, and gave command
With food and wine to ply them. To the hall

Quickly returning he resum'd his seat,
With stagg'ring limbs, and murmur'd low, " By bribes
" We must secure these Romans; uproar else
" Will fill the city! What, must Caiaphas
" Renounce thy tenets, Sadoc? or has fear
" Deceiv'd these wretches? True, the earth has heav'd,
" But can the grave be empty?" As he spoke
The Roman captain came within the hall.
All rose, and shrinking backward, gaz'd on him.
" Ye know me well!" he cried. " E'en on the cross
" Where late he died I mark'd him, and believ'd
" He was the Son of God. Ye have all heard
" What at his tomb has happen'd!" While he spoke
Obaddon, the Avenger, slowly stalk'd
Within the chamber. From his flashing eye
Approaching vengeance darted. His black locks,
Sable as midnight, o'er his shoulders stream'd.
Fix'd as a rock, and motionless he stood
Glaring on Philo; yet no terror-tone,
No sound of death escap'd his dreadful lip,
While thus he thought, " Dark, bloody hour of death
" Wing on thy final flight! Benhinnon, hail!
" Hail, dismal valley!" Tenfold horror seiz'd

The wretched Philo while th' Avenger mus'd.
But turning now, with cold and frightful smile
Tow'rd the Centurion he advanc'd, and spoke
In hollow, ling'ring tones: " Say'st thou the grave
" Wide open lies, and that no corse is there?"
" None!" answer'd the Centurion. " Wilt thou swear?"
Wildly exclaim'd the madd'ning Pharisee.
" Swear it by Jupiter?"—" Not with that oath,
" But by Jehovah's name," the Roman cried,
" Would I confirm my truth, if, wretch, to thee
" I deign'd such proof!" While scornful thus he spoke,
Sudden the Roman's weapon Philo snatch'd,
And, with both hands, in his own entrails plung'd
Its shining blade. Then drawing from the wound
The bloody sword, he hurl'd it through the hall,
And fell expiring. As in reeking gore
Convuls'd he writh'd, he tore the jagged wound,
Flung the warm blood to Heav'n, and shrieking loud,
" There, Nazarene!" the impious wretch expired.
Calm, from the pavement, his ensanguin'd sword
The Roman took, and on the bloody corse
Solemnly laid it. " Lo, henceforth to you,
" Pale Fear, eternal Night, gloomy Despair,

" This blade I dedicate !" he said, and left,
With hasty step, th' assembly. From its corse
The weak, defenceless spirit also fled,
And follow'd, as perforce, a guiding form
Which darkly strode before, till suddenly
Obaddon, in Benhinnon's vale, turn'd full
His fearful visage on the startled soul.
But who may speak his terrors? Whose bold voice
May imitate his thunder-tones, as thus
The dread destroyer cried: " Behold in me,
" Ephod Obaddon ! Vengeance sevenfold !
" The Angel of Destruction ! Yes, 'twas I
" Who smote proud Egypt's first-born ! Look around !
" This is Gehenna's vale. From these dark shades,
" I lead thee to th' abyss !" Silent they sped
Athwart the shadowy vale their onward flight.

THE MESSIAH.

CANTO XIII.

CANTO XIII.

Still sunk in anguish, mute and comfortless
Th' afflicted mourners wept: so at this side
Of that dark veil which shrouds Heav'n's glorious light,
They oft-times weep, whose swift approaching death
Shall quickly open to their sight its folds.
The pious women oil and spices mix'd
(Tears mingling ran) to anoint the sacred corse.
Like those wise virgins, who, with oil-trimm'd lamps,
Await the bridegroom's coming, so they watch'd
The earliest streak of dawn with wakeful care
Their labours to commence. Nor waited they
Morn's growing light; still was earth wrapp'd in shade
When they the dwelling quitted. Mary Magdalen,
Mary, the wife of Cleopas, were there:
Also the mother of the Zebedees,
Joanna, and Salome; and with them
Went many others. Cold the morning air
Breath'd on their forms. As hastily they pass'd,
" How shall we roll away the stone," they cried,

" Which shuts the sepulchre?" Yet sped they on,
Resolv'd upon their task. " Our utmost pow'r,"
Cried Magdalen, " we must exert to save
" (So long as spices may) his honour'd corse
" From vile corruption!" Even while they spoke,
On the huge fragment from the vault now roll'd
Sat Gabriel. When Magdalen approach'd,
And saw the stone thus gone, the open tomb,
With terror loud she shriek'd, then backward turn'd
And to the city fled. The rest advanc'd,
And looking hastily upon the stone
Thus from the entrance roll'd, amaz'd, beheld
A shining form thereon. His youthful face
Glitter'd like lightning, white as snow his robes,
While thus, in Joy's soft tone, the Angel cried:—
" Fear not! I know ye seek in this dark vault
" Jesus, the Crucified. He is not here!
" Lo, he is ris'n! Come and behold the place
" Where the Lord lay! Now turn ye quickly back!
" Tell Peter and the rest that he is ris'n.
" And say ye, that to Galilee he goes,
" Where ye again shall see him. Haste, away!"
Perplex'd and trembling still with fear they stood,

When, lo! two glitt'ring forms beside them shone,
And as in terror to the earth they fell, —
" Why," cried the angels, " seek ye thus to find
" The living 'mid the dead? He is not here!
" Lo, he is ris'n! Spake he not to you,
" While he was yet in Galilee, these words,
" 'The Son of Man must needs be shortly giv'n
" To sinners' hands, by them be crucified,
" And on the third day will he rise again!'
" Haste ye to his disciples!" They obey'd,
Trembling with fear and joy.

Peter and John,
Meantime, amaz'd at Magdalen's report,
Return'd with her to view the sepulchre;
And, as they left Jerusalem, they took,
By John conducted, an unbeaten way,
Shorter, though arduous, from the common path,
But by a hillock sever'd, whose low brow
Thus from each other hid those who now left
And those who sought the sepulchre. Oft thus
In Life's short pilgrimage, congenial souls
Approach, yet miss, each other, till at length

In Heav'n they greet, amaz'd that on the earth
They ne'er had met. While still the toilsome path
Peter and Magdalen more slowly trod,
" Have, then, the priests," criedPeter, "mov'd the corse,
" By their own seal secur'd?" Doubtful he spoke.
John now had reach'd the vault, and looking in,
Beheld the burial-clothes deposited
At its extremity; but touch'd alike
With rev'rence and with sorrow, fix'd he stood,
And went not in. Peter, in breathless haste,
Meanwhile, arriving, rush'd within the tomb,
Beheld the linen heap, and saw the cloth
Which late had bound the temples of the dead,
Carefully wrapp'd apart. Then enter'd John,
And as he saw, believ'd. Yet knew they not
That with prophetic voice their Scriptures said,
Of old, that Christ should die and rise again.
Wond'ring, they turn'd, and left the sepulchre.
" If," exclaim'd Peter as they went, " yon priests
" Have deem'd their seal too slight security,
" And have remov'd our Master, why, at least,
" Have they thus left his burial clothes? Can hate
" Have urg'd their sated vengeance with fresh thirst

" To view his wounds?" Shudd'ring he spoke; and both
In silence then proceeded.

Magdalen
Yet by the grave remain'd: with hasty hand
She brush'd the tear-drops from her swimming eye,
And gaz'd intently down within the vault.
Angels were there! Yet scarcely view'd she them,
So keenly for her Master's form she sought.
Thus eagerly, with parching tongue, the roe
Seeks the cool fount; she sees not the bright sun
Gilding the east; of the grove's balmy breeze
She is not conscious. " Woman," said at length
One of the angels, " wherefore weepest thou?"
" Because," she answer'd, " they have taken hence
" My Lord's dead corse, nor know I where 'tis laid!"
She spoke, and turning round, beheld the Lord
Standing beside her; but she knew him not.
" Why weepest thou?" he ask'd. " Whom dost thou seek?"
Her eyes were holden; she believ'd she saw
The keeper of the garden, and exclaim'd,

" Oh, Sir, if thou have borne my Master hence,
" Tell me but where he is, and I will seek
" His lov'd remains !" E'en thus, with Nature's tears,
Some dying saint, close at the brilliant verge
Of bliss ineffable, weeps as he feels
Mortality's concluding, sharpest pang;
Struggles with death, and terrified invokes
The Saviour, whom his troubled eye beholds
Not cloth'd with love, but arm'd as earth's dread Judge.
Ah, but one moment, and what joy is his !
Magdalen turn'd her weeping face aside;
When softer, sweeter, nobler than the strain
Of cherub harps, when round Heav'n's throne they swell
Their notes of triumph, the Redeemer's voice
Enter'd the mourner's ear. " Mary," He said.
She heard, and knew the sound. Entranc'd with joy,
Trembling and pale, she sunk upon the dust
Before his feet, striving in vain to speak.
Scarce could she breathe, as on her Lord she gaz'd,
Scarce might her lips articulate the word
" Rabboni !" while, with trembling hands, she fain
Had clasp'd his feet. With love and mercy beam'd
The Saviour's downward glance, as thus he spoke: —

" Touch me not, Mary! To my Father's throne
" I have not yet ascended. But depart!
" Go to my brethren, and say thus from me;
" ' Lo, to my Father, and to yours I go!
" ' To your God, and to mine!' " As thus he spoke,
He vanish'd from her sight; and swift she sped
To bear the joyful tidings.

Tow'rd the gates,
Meantime, Salome and the rest approach'd,
Returning from the tomb: when He, whose form
Vanish'd but now from Magdalen, appear'd
Advancing tow'rd the group. The balmy air
Breath'd yet the morning's freshness, but the day
Grew bright and ruddy; glorious rose the sun
Streaming with Heav'n's own splendour. Jesus stood
Confest before them, in his well-known shape!
All saw and knew him. Manifest he stood,
No more among the dead. " All hail!" he said,
While in mute worship at his feet they fell,
Trembling with fear. " Be not afraid!" he cried,
" Go, bid my brethren haste to Galilee;
" There shall they see me!" As he spoke the words,

He vanish'd from their sight. Speechless with joy,
Swift from the earth they rose, and to the town
Fled with all haste, to tell the brethren there
The happy tale.

Peter, meantime, and John,
Had o'er th' assembled group of mourners spread
Fresh clouds of gloom; when suddenly burst in
The female witnesses. "He lives!" cried one:
"Weep ye? Oh hear our words! He is alive!
"We have beheld him! We have also seen
"Angels around his tomb: first one alone,
"Then others with him! Speak, Salome, thou,
"What said the angels? for I shook with fear,
"And scarce could listen to their heavenly voice!"
"What," exclaim'd Thomas, "was your fear so strong,
"Ye could not hear their words? Alas, perhaps
"Ye may not better trust ye saw aright!
"One angel, say ye, first appear'd? What form
"Wore the celestial one?"—"A youthful shape,"
The women answer'd. "Brightly shone his face;
"His robes were white as snow!"—"'Twas Gabriel!"
The Virgin Mother cried. But quick again

Ask'd Didymus — " Was not the sun just risen?
" Salome, know'st thou not a Roman troop,
" By Pilate's order, round the sepulchre
" Maintain strict watch? Perchance the rising sun
" Has on their steel-clad chieftain's armour glanc'd,
" And burnish'd it with false but dazzling gleam."
" No, Thomas!" they exclaim'd. " We reach'd the tomb
" Before the sun had ris'n. The youth we saw
" Was not a Roman soldier: 'twas his face
" And not his arms that shone! No burnish'd mail
" Cloth'd the bright form. It wore a snow-white robe!"
" What said he then?" cried Thomas. " ' Fear ye not,'
" The angel said," they answered. " ' Here I know
" ' Ye seek your Lord! But, lo, he is not here,
" ' He has arisen! Come and see the place
" ' Where late he lay!' and as he spoke he shew'd
" The vacant grave. ' Now go!' again he cried,
" ' Tell Peter, and the rest, that he is ris'n!' "
" How!" exclaim'd Peter, " Spoke he thus my name,
" My sinful name! Alas, what heav'nly peace,
" Celestial Messenger, would soothe my soul
" By mention so benign, were such thy words!
" But ah — that Mary's name, or John's, was not,

" Rather than mine, pronounc'd, racks me with doubt!"
Thomas, absorb'd in thought, meantime had stood.
But now he ask'd — " Said not the Angel more?"
" Yes," they replied. " He bid us also say,
" ' The Lord will go to Galilee, where all
" ' Again shall see him.' " Didymus then ask'd —
" Was Jesus with the angels?"—" No!" they cried.
" Alone he met us near the city-gate,
" In his own form, cloth'd in his usual garb:
" Yet was his look divine! 'Twas thus, perhaps,
" On Tabor he appear'd. ' All hail!' he said,
" While at his feet we fell. ' Be not afraid!
" ' Go bid my brethren haste to Galilee,
" ' There shall they see me!' As he spake these words,
" He vanish'd suddenly before our sight."
" Did ye all see him? Was it he himself?
" Wore he the face of death? Knew ye his voice?"
Thomas in quick succession ask'd, while doubt
Clouded his brow, and lurk'd in his dark eye.
Then, from a moment's pause, his unbelief
Collecting strength — " Alas!" he cried — " Too deep,
" Too lively, your delusion! The wild tale
" Deceives yourselves!" They answer'd not: but tears,

Of joy and pity mingled, from their eyes
Ran in free torrent. When, with rapture's haste,
With dewy brow, pale cheek, and panting breath,
Rush'd Magdalen amongst them. Her glad hands
She strove in vain to raise, clasp'd fast and close
In speechless ecstasy. " The Lord is ris'n!
" From death he has aris'n!" she cried in tones
Broken 'twixt awe and joy, such as the harps
Of Seraphim might scarce express. Her eye
Swimming in darkness, for support she look'd.
John's arm sustain'd her, while Lebbaus cried,
" Hast thou, too, seen the angels?" With a smile
Of heav'nly rapture — " I have seen Himself!"
Magdalen cried; and all but Didymus
Look'd thankfully to Heav'n. At length James ask'd,
With rev'rence and amazement, " Wore our Lord
" Divine effulgence? Shone his robes with light?"
" Oh no!" she answer'd. " In his human form
" He stood before me, but there beam'd a grace
" Such as before, e'en in his own high brow,
" I ne'er had seen!" Tortur'd, mid hope and doubt,
Peter advancing cried — " Heard'st thou his voice?"
" Yes, Simon," answer'd Magdalen, " ah, yes!

" I heard his voice divine! Yet can I not
" Describe the gracious accents of the Lord,
" As in love's softest tone ' Mary !' he said.
" Ah, then I knew him! Then methought to Heav'n
" I was transported! Scarce my falt'ring lips
" Rabboni! could exclaim, while, sunk to earth,
" I fain had grasp'd his feet. With mercy's glance
" His eye of love beam'd downward as he said,
" ' Touch me not, Mary! To my Father's throne
" ' I have not yet ascended. But depart!
" ' Haste to my brethren, and say thus from me,
" ' Lo, to my Father and to yours I go;
" ' To your God and to mine!' " With drooping head
The Mother of the Lord till now had sat
Gazing on earth, but now her bright'ning eye
At once she rais'd, and look'd on Magdalen:
Then rising from her seat, slowly advanc'd,
Stretch'd forth her hand, and gazing earnestly
Upon her friend, exclaim'd in tones subdued,
" Hast thou seen Christ my Son, and heard his voice?
" Yet may I," and with asking eye she threw
An humble glance around, " may I still dare
" Call him my Son? Yes, my beloved friend,

" Thy look assures me! In his human form
" Thou hast beheld my Son! Oh, Magdalen!
" Saw'st thou his wounds?" She stopp'd and turn'd aside,
Dissolv'd in tears. " Weep not!' cried Magdalen,
" Thou Mother of the Holiest of Sons.
" Weep not, he is aris'n! Yet know I not
" If he still wear the traces of his wounds,
" For, overwhelm'd with joy, I could but gaze
" Upon his face divine, where heav'nly grace,
" Mercy unspeakable, appear'd. He stood,
" Clear in the morning air, his form ting'd bright
" With day's red dawn." No longer Mary wept;
But as she grasp'd the hand of Magdalen,
She look'd to Heav'n: then dropping it, she drew
Thoughtfully back, and viewing her with awe,
" Blessed art thou," she cried, " who hast beheld
" The risen Jesus, and hast heard his voice!"
Round Magdalen now gather'd the glad group
Of women, who had also seen the Lord;
And joyfully they told how angels first,
Then Christ himself, had met them. But in doubt
Thomas again demanded — " Magdalen,
" Saw'st thou the angels?" — " Scarcely mark'd I them,

Magdalen answer'd, " for my troubled eyes
" Were dim with sorrow, and I turn'd me back.
" Then saw I near me one, whom in my grief
" I deem'd the keeper of the place, nor knew
" That it was Jesus, till in his own voice
" He call'd me by my name."—" Then," Thomas cried,
" Thou scarcely saw'st the angels these describe,
" Nor didst thou recognise the Lord, it seems,
" But held him for a stranger! Yet the rest
" Affirm they saw him in his wonted garb!"
He spoke, and turn'd aside. But Magdalen
Rais'd her full eye to Heav'n. " Let not his doubts
" Stagger your faith, disciples of the Lord,
" Thou Mother of the Living One!" She cried,
" Leave me, oh Thomas, to my bliss! Behold,
" Hereafter will I farther answer thee!"
She spoke, and with the Mother of the Lord
Aside held converse on the tale of joy.

The heart of Peter still was torn with doubt.
Still rung the phrase —" Tell Peter and the rest" —
In his astonish'd ear, and to his eye
Gush'd the unbidden tear. Jerusalem

Seem'd all too narrow — he abruptly left
The hall of mourners, and rush'd wildly forth.
First he determined in the wilderness.
To hide his woe; then turn'd tow'rds Galilee;
Then to the sepulchre. Swift he retrac'd
The way which tow'rd the desert he had trod,
And took the road to Golgotha. Ere long he stood,
Amid the silence of awak'ning earth,
The balmy freshness of advancing day,
Upon the Hill of Death. There, while he gaz'd
Within the open, empty grave, his soul
Thus mournful mus'd: " Too dreadful deed! Hence, then,
" They have remov'd his body, that interr'd
" Mid bones of criminals his corse may lie!
" Vengeance, as dark as hell, has thus prevail'd!
" Vainly did Joseph his request then urge
" On yonder heathen? Mix'd we then in vain,
" E'en with our tears of woe, some falling drops
" Of mournful solace when we laid him here?
" Alas, how may I credit the new tale
" That he has ris'n, and visibly appear'd!
" Heart-rending Sorrow, thy dark waves have roll'd

" With tide tempestuous o'er their troubled souls,
" And, mock'd by their own anguish, they have deem'd
" They saw our Master living! Thou dread Cross,"
(And as he spoke he fix'd on it his gaze,)
" Thou Cross of death, thy witness speaks too loud,
" Too fearfully hast thou to Heav'n and Earth
" Already testified! Yes, he is dead,
" Plainly, too plainly dead! The sword foretold
" Has pierc'd his Mother's heart! See him again!
" Yes, I shall see him, but enthron'd above
" At God's right hand, not here! Why trembles thus
" My grief-torn soul at this her only hope?
" Ah, justly may she tremble! True, the Judge
" Has heard my pray'r, has my repentant tears
" With mercy view'd. Yet dare I not rejoice.
" Lo, yonder stands uprear'd the lofty Cross,
" Dread witness of his death! Still yawn the rocks,
" The graves, the hills, as if asunder split
" By God's own hand! No, I may not rejoice!"
Thus Peter falt'ring spoke, and gaz'd again
Within the open tomb; then turning round,
Magdalen kneeling on the earth he saw,
Her streaming eyes uprais'd, while her right hand

She press'd upon the ground. " Ha! Magdalen!"
Exclaim'd the startled Peter; and at once
She heard the well-known voice, and rising came.
" Thou happy one," cried Peter, " deem'st thou still
" That thou hast truly seen him?" — " Yon slight stem
" I yonder grasp'd," exultingly she cried,
" Sprung near the place he stood! My other hand
" Press'd his yet recent foot-mark!" As she spoke;
" Nay, Magdalen," cried Peter, " lift thine eye,
" Oh, look upon yon Cross! 'Twas there he died!"—
" But he has risen from the grave!" she cried;
And Peter answer'd — " By the Living God,
" I do adjure thee tell me, did thine eyes,
" Which here see me before thee plainly stand,
" See him as manifest?" — " Yes!" she exclaim'd;
" Yes, by Eternal Truth I swear, these eyes
" Beheld his form majestic, these glad ears
" Heard the blest accents of the Son of God!
" I felt the joys of Heav'n!" She stopp'd, absorb'd
In speechless ecstasy. In silence wrapp'd,
Both stood awhile: then Peter sadly spoke: —
" Oh leave me to my grief! Turn thee away,
" Thou happy one, and let me weep alone

" In silent wretchedness ! Oh that my soul,
" Like thine, with joyful visions might be sooth'd,
" Though but unreal, for, alas, thy tale
" I dare not credit !"—" Think not then," she cried,
" Thou saw'st him when he trod the nightly waves,
" When, in his Father's glory rob'd, he stood
" Transfigur'd upon Tabor !" — " Fain would I
" Implicitly believe her," Peter thought,
As Magdalen now left him, and her steps
Bent tow'rds the tomb. " Behold how blest is she !
" How firm is her belief ! How full her joy !
" How strong her confidence ! Her settled faith
" Spreads peace and majesty o'er her whole mien !
" Death, and corruption, scare her not ! Behold,
" She smiles upon the storm, which rushing sweeps
" Through yonder vale of death ! Why can I not,
" Alas, why do I not believe her words ?
" What, may not He, who trod the ocean-waves,
" Who mid its raging billows held my steps,
" Rise from his grave ? Oh thou, so lately dead,
" If yet thou liv'st, forgive these bursting tears !
" Thou, who didst help me when the swelling waves
" Roll'd o'er my doubting head, oh, save me now !

" More sad, thou know'st, more terrified am I,
" Than at that fearful moment; yet, oh Lord,
" Thou aid'st me not! Lo, deeper sink I now,
" Yet see I not thine arm divine stretch'd forth
" For my support! Oh, by thy saving love,
" By that all-gracious glance which beam'd on me
" E'en while I crouch'd beneath my guilty act
" Of base denial, by thy mercy, hear!
" Hear, I beseech thee! Pity my deep woe,
" And if thou liv'st, oh, shew thyself to me!
" Alas, I ask too much! Thine angel said,
" 'Tell Peter and the rest.' Was not such grace
" Unspeakably abundant? Lord, to me,
" Who late denied thee, should'st thou shew thyself—
" To me, while to Lebbaus, John, to her
" Thy blessed Mother, thou hast not appear'd?
" Yet Magdalen had sinn'd — Alas, but when?
" Before she knew thee! Has my failing love
" Resembled hers?" Thus Peter mus'd, while slow
With heavy steps he climb'd the Hill of Death;
Then kneeling sunk to earth with downcast looks
In fervent pray'r. At length he rais'd his eyes,
When, lo, beneath his Cross the Saviour stood!

But who can speak his joy, who can describe
Th' amazement of his soul, when he beheld
The living form before him? His right hand
The Saviour tow'rds him stretch'd with heav'nly smile,
But Peter could not rise. Fain had he striv'n
To reach the proffer'd hand, but pow'rless sunk
His trembling arms. Rising at length, he caught
His Master's hand, and on it fervent press'd
His beating brow, while to his dazzled sight
The reeling earth and sky appear'd to fade.
Now upward on the face divine he gaz'd,
And falter'd out his joy — " My Lord! My God!
" Gracious, and merciful!" He stopp'd, and gaz'd
Still more intensely on the Living One.
" Gracious and Merciful Lord God!" again
With firmer tone he cried; while now no more
In fear he trembled, but with grateful joy
Felt in the Saviour's beaming glance of love
Solace unspeakable. But the hill's brow
Jesus now quitted: and with folded hands
Peter adoring watch'd the parting form,
Till, mid the shadows of the rock-hewn tombs,
At length it vanish'd. Then to Heav'n his arms

The joyful Peter stretch'd. " Great Son of God,
" Oh hear my fervent thanks !" aloud he cried.
" Yes, with eternal gratitude my soul
" Rises to thee, who in her darkest need
" Hast o'er her shed consoling balm, more rich
" Than she might ask or hope ! Yes, Son of God !
" Thus wilt thou cheer me e'en in life's last hour !
" Yet what am I, that thou should'st o'er me shed
" Mercy like this ? True, with repentant tears
" I have bewail'd my guilt ; yet what am I,
" That I should view the majesty of Christ
" Standing in life ? These eyes have witness'd it !
" Thanks, thanks, my God ! Henceforth I now may hope
" Heav'n's purest bliss, thy mercy's richest boon,
" Freely to taste ! Yes, Lord, thou wilt unfold
" The myst'ry of thy death. Heav'n's brilliant hosts,
" Her Pow'rs, her Principalities, her ranks
" Of crown'd Archangels, who behold unveil'd
" God's glorious face, cannot possess more joys
" Than those I hope for ! Living have I seen
" The Son of God, who died on yonder cross !
" I have beheld our Master, Jesus Christ,

" Alive again ! Oh shout, ye starry Heav'ns !
" Proclaim throughout the skies, He lives ! He lives !
" Sing it in jubilee, ye shining spheres !"
Thus Peter cried, while still his upward gaze
Was fix'd on Heav'n. But turning suddenly
" Ye too, my friends," he cried, " must share my joy !
" This balm must also heal your bleeding wounds !"
He spoke, and hasten'd on. With rapid step
Quickly he reach'd Jerusalem, and soon
Approach'd the dwelling, where, still torn with doubt,
Still in amazement lost, his brethren watch'd.
Amid them Peter rush'd, and cried aloud,
" Glory, and honour, thanks, and joyful praise,
" Be to the Son of God, who with a love
" Which still in life or death shall be our song,
" Has lov'd his servants ! Yes, to Him who died
" A wondrous death, and is alive again,
" Has ris'n, and has appear'd ! Behold to me,
" Even to me, the Lord has shown himself!
" Beneath his cross he stood ! These eyes have seen
" His face divine !" As Peter spoke, the rest
Drew gath'ring round. Admiring they beheld,
Counted him blest; and with redoubled awe

Mus'd on their crucified and risen Lord,
While rev'rence and amazement chain'd their tongues
In deepest silence. Tow'rd the happy one,
This latest witness of the risen Dead,
At length more near they drew, and, fill'd with joy,
Embracing him, they wept. At his right hand
Stood the Lord's mother: Magdalen his left
Eagerly grasp'd. " Lo, thou hast then thyself
" Beheld him !" she exclaim'd. In whisper'd tone,
" God's mighty Son, and mine !" his mother cried,
While o'er her cheek a smile celestial stole.
" Oh now for grief no more," Lebbaus cried,
" But joy's wild rapture, scarce can I believe !
" Our bleeding wounded Master, art thou then
" Alive indeed ?" Faintly he spoke, and John,
In tones of transport, answer'd, " Yes ! He lives !"
Then turning him to Mary, " Hail," he cried,
" Oh hail, thou blessed mother ! No more now
" The sword of grief shall pierce thy bleeding heart !"
" Son," she replied, " with bliss like Heav'n's own joy,
" Lo, I rejoice ! Christ from the grave is ris'n !"
" Living shall I behold him ! Yes, the glance
" Which, Lord, thou didst vouchsafe me from thy cross,

" Assures me I shall see thee!" Peter's hand
Meantime Bartholomew had seiz'd, and said,
In lowly accents, " Simon, my grey hairs
" Will not lie cover'd in the grave, till I,
" I too, our heav'nly Master shall have seen
" Standing in life before me!" — " Yes, my friend,"
Peter exulting cried in faith's bold tone,
" Yes, he will shed his mercy on us all!"
But, like a solitary speck which skims
Athwart a cloudless sky, so dark, so sad,
The troubled Thomas came. " What, Simon, thou?"
Peevish he spoke. " Could I command such faith,
" I would believe thy tale!" He strode away.
" Oh, Didymus, return," his friend replied,
" Return, and join our thanks! Jesus is ris'n!
" Glory, and honour, thanks, and praise to Him,
" Who died the wondrous death! Who is alive!
" Who has appear'd!"

As Peter spoke, to earth
The Virgin mother sank: she stretch'd her arms
Upward to Heav'n, and cried, in joy's soft tone,
" My soul doth magnify the Lord! In God,

" My gracious Saviour, doth my heart rejoice!
" E'en from his cross hath he beheld my tears,
" And counted them in mercy! Lo, henceforth,
" All generations shall pronounce me blest;
" For He, the Mighty One, hath done great things,
" And Holy is his name! His mercy lasts
" Throughout eternity: great is his arm
" Wielding omnipotence! Blood-guilty pride
" From its high throne he levels to the dust
" And sets the lowly there! His balm of grace
" On those who for Salvation thirst, he sheds,
" While empty and abash'd he sends away
" The self-sufficient! Infinite his love
" To those who serve him, as of old he sware
" To Abrah'm and his seed. Behold, e'en now,
" That gracious oath fulfill'd! Yes, thanks, and praise,
" Glory, and honour, be to Christ, the Lord,
" Th' eternal, living, Conqueror of Death!"

Thomas, meantime, had sought the terrac'd roof,
Where now his brethren follow'd him, to taste
The balmy freshness of the living breeze,
To read in fair creation's open page

His pow'r, whose mercy fill'd them with such joy.
As they approach'd, Didymus started back,
Rous'd from his gloomy trance. Fain had he shunn'd
His joyful comrades, and had rush'd below,
But Peter stay'd his steps, and gently cried,
" Fly us not, Thomas! Lo, the Lord will soon
" Have mercy on thee! I, too, disbeliev'd,
" Yet am I pardon'd. But, behold, what forms
" Fade in the distance yonder? Seem they not
" Cleopas and Matthias? Ah, were they
" But now with us, how would they share our joy!
" But see, who joins them from yon shady grove?
" I recognise him not. A lofty mien
" Methinks the stranger wears, and, lo, our friends
" Greet him with rev'rence! Thomas, know'st thou him?" —
" No," replied Didymus, " ne'er have I seen
" Simplicity with majesty so join'd
" As in his form!" — " Yon palms," cried Peter, " soon
" Will hide them from our sight; but mark, meantime,
" With what calm dignity, benign, but grave,
" The stranger seems to listen to the woe
" They sadly tell. Ah, of his death they speak

" Whom on the cross they saw, but whom their eyes
" Have not yet witness'd living! Who may be
" That list'ning stranger? Is it, can it be
" One of those angels who beside the grave
" So late were seen?" — " Nay, Peter," Thomas cried,
" How credulous art thou!" — " Oh, Didymus,
" Thou know'st not," Peter cried, " the joy of hope,
" The thrill of expectation! Yet have I
" Experienc'd thy sad state. What could I hope
" Less than to see the Lord, when sunk in woe
" I rais'd my heavy eyes to view his cross,
" And saw his living form before me stand?
" Oh 'twas not joy deceiv'd me!" — " No, 'twas grief!"
Sharply rejoin'd the doubting Didymus.
" God will have pity on thee!" calmly said
The favour'd witness of his ris'n Lord;
" Yes, God may show me mercy;" Thomas cried,
" But for our Master, he, alas! has borne
" The lot of all the prophets, and is dead!"
He ceas'd, and wept in silence. The dark grove,
Meantime, Matthias, with the stranger form,
And Cleopas, now enter'd. While alone,
The city they had quitted, ere as yet

The stranger join'd them, they had converse sad
Held with each other. " No, I do not err !"
Cried Cleopas. " Thou know'st, Matthias, well
" The priests' revengeful fury: how incens'd
" With madd'ning rage they storm'd, when all their arts
" Prov'd vain to hinder Joseph's pious care
" Shown in th' interment. Yes, be sure, 'tis they
" Have gain'd the watch; they have remov'd the corse,
" But to defile it, mid the guilty bones,
" Which moulder on yon hill! Alas, e'en now,
" Perhaps, thou Holy One, thy stiffen'd corse
" Golgotha deeply hides !" — " But, Cleopas,"
Matthias answer'd, " how canst thou account
" For those bright angels standing by his tomb?
" Think'st thou that grief might thus the senses mock?
" Could woe, celestial visions thus create?
" Ah why not rather frightful images —
" Darkness — or ghastly shapes — Iscariot's ghost?"
With horror started Cleopas. But quick,
" My friend," he answer'd, " solve me but this doubt.
" Why does our Master not himself appear?
" What may I know of angels — how be sure
" Such beings came from God, e'en saw I them?

" But our beloved Master, were he ris'n,
" Would he not, think ye, show himself to us?
" Ah, we should know him surely!" — " Cleopas,"
Matthias said, " believ'd his mother not
" The words of Gabriel, though an angel's form
" To her, e'en as to us, was strange? Think'st thou
" Those blessed spirits can speak aught but truth?
" Ah, we deserve not to behold their forms!
" We, with his twelve disciples, fled in fear,
" When, with the uproar of his furious foes,
" Gethsemane resounded! When we heard
" Their cries of vengeance rising wild and shrill!
" Alas, 'twas but from far we heard pronounc'd
" His dreadful sentence by the Roman Judge!
" Still farther shrunk we from the Suff'rer's Cross!"—
" Too true," cried Cleopas. " I mourn like thee
" Our coward flight. Yes, has he ris'n indeed,
" And should he show himself, mercy alone
" Could prompt him thus to prove he pities us,
" And counts our tears, as he afore declar'd
" Our very hairs were number'd." — " Canst thou still
" Doubt then, O Cleopas?" Matthias ask'd.
" Hast thou no doubt thyself?" the other cried.

" Thou know'st," Matthias answer'd, " that to thee
" I speak each inmost thought. When with calm mind,
" I ponder on the facts, I feel my faith
" Firmly assur'd: but when, 'mid waves of hope,
" Of fear, of eager expectation, I am toss'd;
" When my whole spirit trembles with the joy,
" (Bright as the bliss of heav'n) the thrilling thought
" Of seeing him again; oh, then, the voice
" Of Truth is quickly drown'd, in doubt I sink!"
With kindness Cleopas look'd on his friend.
" Should we, indeed," he cried, " see once again
" Our heav'nly Master, 'twere no joy of earth!
" But, ah, too high we raise our daring hopes!
" Solace like this, bliss so unspeakable,
" Pertains not to this life!" As thus they spoke
They wound beneath a high o'erhanging rock,
And at an opening in the shady path
The hill's dark side appear'd. Descending thence
A stranger slowly came. His manly form
A noble aspect bore, while deep in thought
He seem'd engross'd. " Let us more slowly walk,"
Cried Cleopas. " Yon Stranger then perhaps
" May join our steps, and with some grave discourse

" Refresh our grief-worn hearts. His lofty mien
" Speaks him both wise and noble!"—" Ah, my friend!"
Matthias answer'd, " what can wisdom aid
" Unless he tell us of our risen Lord?"
Meantime the Stranger tow'rd them slowly drew,
And greeted them in silence, while they bent
With lowly rev'rence. " Where go ye?" he said.
" Our way is to Emmaus," they replied.
" On what converse ye both so earnestly,"
The stranger ask'd, " as sadly thus ye walk?" —
" Hast thou so lately come," cried Cleopas,
" Within Jerusalem, that yet thou hast not heard
" The things which there have come to pass?" " What
things?"
Enquir'd the Stranger. Cleopas exclaim'd,
" Thou hast not then God's holy prophet known,
" Jesus of Nazareth! Mighty was he,
" In deed and word, before both God and man.
" By wondrous miracles, by heav'nly speech,
" He show'd himself divine! Alas, inflam'd
" With Hell's worst malice, with insatiate hate,
" Our rulers seiz'd him, and deliver'd him
" To be condemn'd to death by heathen lips.

" Pilate gave sentence, (Ah! his dreadful death
" Scarce can I speak,) and he was crucified!
" Ask me not, Stranger, to tear ope for thee
" Our bleeding souls again, to paint the scene,
" How on the cross he hung! How Golgotha
" Drank his pure blood! How pale and faint, in vain
" He cried to God for help! Yet had we hop'd
" In him, as our Messiah. He, we thought,
" Should have redeem'd his people. But, alas,
" Three days have now elaps'd, since this was done!"—
" Yes," cried Matthias, and beside all this,
" To-day have women of our company
" Fill'd us with wonder. They report that when,
" At break of day, they visited his tomb,
" His body was not there; and they affirm,
" (Trembling they say it,) that around his grave
" Angels were station'd, who declar'd he liv'd!
" Alas, we know not if we may rejoice!
" Some others hast'ning to the tomb, there found indeed
" The sepulchre was vacant, as we heard,
" But him they saw not!" As Matthias spoke,
The grove of Palms they enter'd. Then around
The Stranger turn'd, and look'd with majesty

On his companions, while in Truth's firm tone,
" Unwise, and slow of heart, are ye," he cried,
" To understand the prophets! Ought not Christ,
" According to the Scripture, to have borne
" Suff'rings like these, before he should resume
" His heav'nly glory?" With amazement struck,
His hearers gaz'd on him. Their trembling souls
With awe and rev'rence thrill'd. Fain for a while
Had they withdrawn to speak their troubled thoughts.
Their languid eyes with sudden brightness beam'd,
And flashing glances of enquiry met,
As each beheld the other. " Who is this,"
Their speaking looks demanded, " that o'erwhelms
" Our senses thus with wonder? What is he?"
Yet had the stranger o'er them but begun
To rear the sceptre of celestial truth.
E'en as a rising storm, with strength yet curb'd
But gently blows, nor fills the leafy woods:
Still in the vale sleeps silence, shadows still
Float but transparently, while their deep veil
Round the dim Sun, the clouds not yet have clos'd:
So gently now the noble Stranger's speech
Slowly commenc'd. But soon, 'mid depths profound

Of Revelation, he his hearers led.
Still, in each text obscure of Sacred Writ,
He manifestly pointed to their sight
The promis'd Saviour. 'Gainst conviction's force
No longer could they strive. So sweeps the storm,
With strength matur'd, along the forest's side.
Low bend the shiv'ring trees, and rustling yield
Before the mighty blast, which howling drives
The thunder-clouds, in sheets of rain dissolv'd,
From hill to hill. With deep amazement spent,
Breathless with wonder, now the list'ners stood,
While from their glowing brows they wip'd the dew.
" Oh, Man of God," they cried, " we know thee not;
" Yet awe-struck do we own thy words divine!
" Permit us in the balmy shade to rest
" Of this cool fount!" They sat them, side by side,
The Stranger opposite. Soft flow'd his speech;
For of the love of God's Eternal Son
To fallen man he freely now discours'd.
With hearts reliev'd, on the good Shepherd's death
More tranquilly they mus'd. As o'er the limbs
Of some tir'd wand'rer through a burning day
Eve's cooling freshness comes, so o'er their souls

His words shed solace. " Love ye him?" at length
He gently ask'd: and both at once exclaim'd,
" Ah, how could we but love him!"—" Lov'd ye him
" Always as now?" again the Stranger ask'd.
" Oh, no! We all forsook him!" they exclaim'd;
" When he was led to judgment, to the cross,
" We all forsook him!"—" But," the Stranger said,
" Now, when ye know that for your sakes he died,
" Would ye not die for him?"—" Oh, Man of God,
" We would beseech him for such aid," they cried,
" As would enable us to follow him! 771
" But, oh, forgive us, while with awe we ask,
" (Well, we perceive, thou know'st,) is he aris'n?
" May we rejoice in hope once more to see
" Our heav'nly Master?" eagerly they ask'd.
The Stranger answer'd, " Joseph's kindred erst
" Knew not their brother: yet the hour of joy,
" Of weeping bliss arriv'd, when he his soul
" No longer could refrain." He said and rose.
Confus'd with doubt, t'wixt joy and wonder lost 780
They follow'd him — Ah, what should they believe?
It could not be Himself, but was it then
One of his angels? Hesitating thus

They reach'd Emmaus, when the Stranger said,
" Behold, I now must leave ye !" " Stay, oh stay,
" Thou Man of God ! Ah, leave us not !" they cried,
And grasp'd his hand. " Behold, pale evening comes;
" Day is declining !" — " Stay me not," he said,
" My home is distant !"—" Nay, remain with us,"
Imploringly they ask'd. " Speak to us more
" Of our lov'd Master ! Oh, remain with us !"
He yielded; while with looks which spoke more joy
Than words could utter, they express'd their thanks,
And Cleopas ran forward to his home,
Refreshment to prepare. " His cottage lies,"
Matthias said, " within the village bounds,
" Conceal'd by lofty trees, in whose dark shade
" A limpid streamlet flows. He hastens on
" There to prepare us food. Oh, Man of God,
" What thanks we owe thee, who despisest not
" The lowly huts of ignorance and want !
" Ah, thus did Jesus ! Thus, e'en to the dust
" With gentlest humiliation would he stoop !
" But, no; I must be silent; greater far
" Than words can utter, was our heav'nly Lord !"
As now they reach'd the hut of Cleopas

They saw him draw clear water from the brook,
And, placing it beside him, wash with care
Fresh roots and savoury herbs. Their flow'ry tops
Floated around his hand, and gliding thence
Danc'd onward with the stream. He rais'd his head,
Beheld the Stranger and Matthias come,
And starting up, "Welcome, thou Man of God!"
He cried with joy, and eager led the way.
Matthias, foll'wing, bore the vase of herbs
Still bright with glitt'ring moisture. Cleopas
Already had his humble table spread
With such plain store his dwelling might afford,
Of figs, of milk, and honey, wheaten bread,
And heart-rejoicing wine. The couches plac'd,
They now reclin'd around the frugal board:
The two together, and their unknown guest
Plac'd opposite. Then first the Stranger rais'd,
Gravely, yet joyfully, his eyes on them.
Calmly devout, as if in thanks to Heav'n,
He took the bread. Just so was Jesus wont!
He cast his eyes to Heav'n. So too did Christ!
On him, and at each other, wild they gaz'd.
He pray'd, and lo! they heard their Master's voice!

Behold, the face was his! "Father in Heav'n,
"We thank thee for thy gifts!" serene he said.
"His very words!" they cried, and pale with joy
Sank at his feet. But hark, again he spoke!
"We praise thee, Father, for our daily food;
"We give thee glory, Lord!" He broke the bread,
And gave to them. They took it; gaz'd on him,
Still paler grew their cheeks, while mute with awe
In vain would they have spoken. Once again
His eye of grace beam'd on them, when, behold,
He vanish'd from their sight! They started up,
And rushing forth, sought him, but found him not.
Then to the hut more calmly both return'd.
"We shall," Matthias cried, "see him again!
"Oh, Cleopas, methinks not earth, but heav'n,
"Shines round about us!" Cleopas exclaim'd —
"Burnt not our hearts within us on the way
"While he discours'd of God, and pointed out
"The mysteries of our Scripture? But, my friend,
"Let us not linger here!" They seiz'd their staves,
And hasten'd forth.

While tow'rd Jerusalem
Swift they return'd, Peter again convers'd

With Didymus. " Thomas," he cried, " at least
" Conceal thy doubt from others! Check not those
" Who gladly would believe! Quench not in them
" The rising spark of faith, alas, too weak!
" Bright would it flame to Heav'n, but for thy tears,
" Which still extinguish it!" — " What," Thomas cried,
" Would'st thou that to my friends I speak no more
" The feelings of my soul? Must I conceal
" My heavy anguish? Ah, what profits it
" That they should thus indulge in dreams of joy
" But to awake to sorrow yet more keen
" From visions so illusive?" — " Speak not thus!"
Peter exclaim'd. " Call not the work of God,
" This glorious revelation of his pow'r,
" An idle dream! By Christ, who died, who now
" For ever lives; yes, Thomas, by his name
" I do adjure thee! Holy be that place
" Where I beheld him! 'Twas the gate of Heav'n!
" Look round thee as we stand! There is the group
" Who saw him first, then Magdalen, then I,
" All these have seen his form, no longer dead,
" But breathing life!" — " Have mercy on him, Lord!"
Magdalen cried, " Pity his unbelief!

" 'Tis but his soul's keen anguish makes him doubt!
" Crush not this bruised reed! Quench not the light
" Of this scarce glimm'ring flax! Oh, pity him
" As thou hast pitied me!" But angrily,
With voice suppress'd, Thomas replied; " Nay, cease!
" Your transports do but aggravate the pain
" 'Neath which my spirit sinks!" — " Go, then," with warmth
Peter exclaim'd, " back to the Sadducees,
" And hold, like them, that nought in heav'n exists,
" Angel or spirit — that beyond the grave
" There is no resurrection!" Thomas wept.
" Chide me not, Peter!" he at length exclaim'd.
" Alas, our crucified and buried Lord
" I love as thou dost! But 'tis not alone
" I, who have not beheld him — Of myself
" I will not speak. But has he shown himself
" E'en to his weeping mother, or to John?
" No, not to John, whom from the cross he gave
" To be her son! No, not to her whose life,
" While yet in blood he hung, his dying words
" Commended to John's care!" Such converse held
Th' assembled mourners. O'er each list'ner's soul

By turns heart-chilling doubt, or faith secure,
Reign'd with successive sway. When Magdalen,
Or Peter, spoke, firm on the sea they trod;
When Thomas mourn'd, they sank beneath its waves.
But now the sad disciple left their group,
And issuing from Jerusalem, pursued
Tow'rd Olivet's remoter tombs his path.
He sought not solitude there, but to plunge
Deeper in grief. His weary spirit crav'd
Refreshment in the balm of loneliness.
In her right hand holds Solitude a cup
Sparkling with bliss; a dagger in her left!
Her shining goblet to the blest she gives,
But stretches tow'rd the wretch the ruthless steel!
Now to the deepest and most distant vault
Th' afflicted Thomas came. His silent woe
Press'd with increasing burden on his soul;
Still darker grew his thoughts, his lab'ring heart
Panted more deep for solace. 'Twas in vain
He struggled from the depths in which he sank,
By his own strength t' emerge. He toil'd in vain!
Oh, had he not then cried to God for help,
To Him, sole refuge for the fainting soul,

He had been vanquish'd! But he felt his need;
He look'd to Him, whose rod alone can guide
Our darkling way, when those frail reeds, on whom
We fondly lean, have fail'd us! Didymus
To Him now look'd, the only help of man.
" Great and mysterious Deity!" he cried,
" Though darkness shroud thy councils, yet to thee
" My soul alone can turn amid her fears,
" Her gloomy anguish! Lo, thy ways are dark,
" Yet darker is my path, the path of death!
" Ruler unsearchable of all that was,
" That is, and shall be, look with mercy down
" On me, a writhing worm beneath thy feet,
" Groping in midnight! Wert thou not my God;
" Might not my failing eyes look up to thee,
" The Rock of Ages; could I not stretch forth
" My weary hands, in anguish wrung, to thee;
" Ere this, in Doubt's dark lab'rinth had I sunk!
" How I lov'd him, for whom my heart thus bleeds,
" Lord God, thou know'st! Thou know'st he was my all!
" Father, from thee he came, plenteous in grace,
" Bounteous in mercy! He was all to me!

" But thou hast giv'n him to be crucified,
" And he is dead. Alas, to me more dead
" Than to the others! O thou sable night,
" Which now sitt'st brooding o'er his buried corse,
" Would'st thou but hide mine also! Might my form
" Repose by his! Oh, might my weary soul
" Slumb'ring forget her woes! Am I, indeed,
" Bereft of him for ever? Must I live
" And die without him? Oh, immortal soul,
" Too bitter is thy woe, thy wounds too deep!
" But, can he be, though dead, my helper still?
" Alas! how should my finite vision pierce
" The gloomy labyrinths, the fearful shades
" To which, beyond the grave, Death's narrow vale,
" Issuing, may lead? I, who my path of dust
" In vain explore? O thou, the mighty God
" Of Ebal, and of Sinai! Thou, the God
" Of storms and thunder! Father, thee I ask,
" Where is thy Son? Why slept thy thunder-bolts
" When murd'rers rear'd his cross? 'Tis true that earth
" Quak'd deep with terror, and about her threw
" Her shatter'd rocks till Heav'n re-echoing rung,
" And coward man shrunk quivering back for fear!

" But Jesus then was dead. No falling rock
" Crush'd his foul murderers; no yawning pit
" Swallow'd them quick! Father Omnipotent!
" God, as of old when Egypt's first-born fell
" Before thy sword-girt Angel, who pass'd o'er
" The gates besprent with blood; God, in the sea
" Which stood miraculous in gather'd walls
" While Israel cross'd; God, as when now of late
" Thy Son, through thee, trod on the ocean-waves,
" Gave to the blind the sight of earth's fair face,
" Waken'd the dead who in the silent grave
" Already 'gan to moulder, and, alas!
" Sustain'd at length, with superhuman strength,
" Most deep abasement, frightful agonies,
" Scorn upon scorn, wound after wound, then death,
" A ling'ring death; O God, thou Judge of earth,
" Where is thy Son? Ah, while I writhe in grief,
" He in the grave now moulders, and, alas,
" Still art thou silent! My dejected soul
Thirsts for thy help in vain!" The mourner ceas'd,
And clasp'd his hands in speechless agony.

Meantime, as Thomas left them, cautiously
Had one of the disciples clos'd the door,

And to the rest exclaim'd — " See, I have barr'd
" Our dwelling's entrance, that in case the priests
" Should send to seize us, we may safety find
" In timely flight! Think not their thirst for blood
" Will by the death of Jesus be appeas'd!"
" Nay," Peter cried, " close not the doors in fear,
" But let them find us! Lo, our Lord is ris'n!"
" No, Simon," cried the others; " thus to brave
" Uncall'd for peril he would not permit.
" We might in safety from the walls escape
" While our pursuers at the door were check'd."
As thus they spoke, repeated strokes were heard
Upon the gate below. All trembling shook.
Again the roof re-echoed with the sound,
When James descending, heard the welcome voice
Of Cleopas. Gladly he drew the bolts,
The two rejoic'd disciples rush'd within.
Breathless with haste they seem'd, and to the ground
Had well nigh sunk in weariness. " My friends,
" Whom fly ye thus?" James eagerly inquir'd.
They smiled in silence. Tow'rd them now advanc'd
The Mother of the Lord, with Magdalen,
And others who believ'd, and cried, while joy

Still sparkled in their eyes, " The Lord has ris'n!
" Yes, he has ris'n from death, and shown himself
" To Simon Peter!" Cleopas replied,
Raising his hands to Heav'n, " Yes, he is ris'n!
" We too are witnesses. The Lord is ris'n!
" And has appear'd to us!" Eagerly then
Rush'd Peter forward. " Brethren," he exclaim'd,
" Intense and nameless is the bliss we feel
" Who have beheld our blessed Lord alive!
" But ah, look round ye — while we thus rejoice,
" Behold, our comrades weep! These had believ'd,
" But Thomas, sunk in hopeless misery,
" Has, with his doubts, bewilder'd them. Alas!
" The wretched youth deems he has lost his Lord,
" And they partake his fears!" But John thus spoke:
" Believe not, Simon, that like him I doubt.
" I do but mourn that to my longing eyes
" Jesus appears not! Happy friends, relate
" How have ye seen him?" Cleopas replied;
" Oppress'd with sorrow, sadly we of late
" Walk'd tow'rds Emmaus, purposing to soothe
" Our troubled hearts with nature's placid face;
" When, lo, a stranger join'd us. How shall I

" Describe his wond'rous converse? By degrees
" The Prophets' darkest myst'ries he explain'd;
" Show'd us the suff'rings Christ must undergo
" (His own dread suff'rings, for it was Himself!)
" Foreseen by those inspir'd ones, and foretold!
" But yet we knew him not. His form was strange
" To our remembrance, or our sight was veil'd.
" We reach'd Emmaus. Ah, though deep his words
" Within my heart have sunk, yet can I not
" Describe their force sublime! Language must fail!
" A whirlwind was his speech! His words were fire!
" We earnestly besought him to remain,
" And to our pray'rs he yielded. I procur'd
" Fresh water from the spring, and food; when, lo,
" (E'en still, methinks, I see him take the bread,
" I hear him pray!) as he the blessing spoke,
" We heard the voice of Jesus! — his own words!
" We saw his face divine! Entranc'd in joy,
" To earth we sank, and worshipp'd him. He broke,
" And gave us bread: a glance of heav'nly love
" Beam'd from his eye, when, lo, he disappear'd!
" Rising in haste, we follow'd, but in vain!
" Then linger'd we no more, but hurried here

" To bring the joyful tidings." As they spoke,
Lebbaus, whose sad spirit sunk 'neath doubts
Infus'd by Didymus, sat silently
With drooping head, and eyes fix'd deep on earth.
He, so susceptible to every tale,
Had yet in gloomy coldness heard their words;
But, as from sudden impulse, now he cried,
" Oh, Jesus, wert thou living, thus from me
" Thou could'st not hide thyself!"

Lebbaus spoke
And hid his pallid face; when suddenly
The Saviour stood amongst them! Stiff as stone,
Mute with amazement, stood th' astonish'd group,
While thus their Master spoke,—" Peace be with you!"
They gaz'd, and wond'ring doubted their own sight.
Torn mid conflicting thoughts, dazzled and blind,
As if a sea of light around them glar'd,
They deem'd it was an angel which they saw.
But in his own mild accents he exclaim'd,
" Why are ye troubled thus? Why in your souls
" Arise these fearful thoughts? Behold, my friends,
" These are my hands, my feet! Touch them, and see!

" A spirit hath not flesh and bones, as thus
" Ye see I have!" Trembling they gather'd round.
His Mother sunk to earth, and clasping there
His sacred feet, beheld their recent wounds,
Then upward gazing, on his face she look'd,
And as she view'd him, her own visage shone
Bright as an angel! Round him knelt the rest,
Beheld his wounds, and tow'rds him stretch'd their arms.
Son of the Father, with what grace divine
Didst thou receive their hands; still dropping some,
To grasp the others which with trembling joy
Tow'rd thee were rais'd! While broken tones
Of weeping ecstasy rose in faint hymn
Of jubilee triumphant to their Lord,
Their risen Lord! Long time his Master's hand
John grasp'd in silence, fixing on his face
His eager glance. — Fain had he ask'd — but no —
He could ask nothing! Fain had he express'd
His burning gratitude, his awe, his love —
He could not speak! The Saviour turning said,
" Where is Lebbaus?" Prostrate on the ground
His garment's lowest hem Lebbaus held;
But when his Master's voice pronounc'd his name,

He started up, and, pale as if in death,
Nearer advanc'd. " Thy hand, Lebbaus !" cried
His heavenly Master; and Lebbaus fain
Had stretch'd it forward in mute gratitude,
But powerless it sunk. Then stoop'd the Lord
Tow'rd the pale youth, and grasping his faint hand,
Held it with kindness, while from his rapt soul,
Not from his lips, burst forth, " My gracious Lord !"
Each on the other now began to turn
Their eager glance, then on the Lord again,
Rejoicing that all thus his mercy shar'd.
Again in broken tones arose the hymn
Of weeping, but triumphant, ecstasy.
Around his feet the earliest witnesses,
Peter, Matthias, Cleopas, now kneel'd,
With those blest women, whose devoted love
Had, even to his cross, accompanied
Their suff'ring Lord. Still mid the circle stood
The Conqueror of Death, and rais'd his eye,
Beaming in tranquil majesty, to Heav'n.
Though no celestial glories from his form
Visibly stream'd, yet glow'd his brow divine
With innate Deity. Nor could their eyes
Longer support the sight, but sunk to earth.

Then James, in rev'rence bending, thus exclaim'd,
In fervent prayer,—" Stay, gracious Lord, yet stay!
" Oh mount not to thy Father's throne, but hear —"
The Saviour interrupting, gently said,
" Yet am I with you, children!" As he spake,
Joy overwhelm'd their souls: while thus in words
Their thoughts unconscious flow'd. " Are we in Heav'n,
" Or still on earth? Do we indeed behold
" Our Master living, who on Golgotha
" So late was crucified? Is it himself,
" Or but some happy vision?" As they spoke,
Jesus, advancing tow'rd a table, took
His place beside it. " Have ye any meat?"
Calmly he ask'd. In haste they sought for food,
And John, before the rest approaching, brought
Part of a fish, and of a honey-comb,
And placing it before him, backward drew
In silent rev'rence. " Nay, my friends," he cried,
" Join me as ye are wont! My Mother, come!"
Trembling she came; the others follow'd her.
Then Jesus ate before them. As they gaz'd,
While thus familiarly with looks of love
He sat amongst them, and of food partook

As he was wont, the tumult of amaze
Gently subsided, and within their souls
Succeeded tranquil joy, undoubting faith.
When thus more calm the Saviour notic'd them,
In gentle but upbraiding tone he spake.
" Ye would not then believe those witnesses
" Who said I liv'd! Oh, why believ'd ye not?
" Why would ye not in their known truth confide?
" Why were your hearts so hard? Yet, weep not thus!
" Behold, I pardon ye! Now, hear my words!
" Have I not oft-times warn'd you of these things
" While I was with you? Did I not affirm
" I should be crucified, and the third day
" Rise from the dead? Said Moses not of old,
" Said not your Psalms, your Prophets, the same thing?
" Thus was it written: thus they testified,
" That Christ should suffer, and should rise again;
" That in his name, to all the peopled earth,
" Repentance and remission of their sins
" Should, by his chosen witnesses, be preach'd,
" Beginning at Jerusalem. Behold,
" Ye are my witnesses! Ye shall proclaim
" My name to all the earth! Soon will I send

" My Father's promise to you. Then by those
" Who shall believe, shall wonders be perform'd.
" They, in my name, shall cast the devils out;
" Shall speak in unknown tongues; they shall take up
" The deadly viper, and shall feel no hurt;
" Poison shall harm them not; and should they lay
" Their hands upon the dying, he shall live!"
As thus the Saviour spoke, his eye beam'd joy,
And rising he advanc'd. Then drew the group
Eagerly round, but " My disciples, come!"
The Saviour bade; and instantly the rest
(Not free from envy only, but with joy
Like that which heav'nly spirits feel at sight
Of others' bliss,) drew reverently back,
Rejoicing in the grace thus shown to those
Their Master's chosen ones. Jesus now stood
By his apostles circled. He foresaw
That many of them soon should die for him,
And in the voice of tend'rest love he cried,
" Peace be with you! As me my Father sent,
" So send I you!" This said, he breath'd on them,
And cried, " Receive the Holy Ghost! Those sins
" Which ye remit, in Heav'n shall be forgiv'n!

" And those which ye retain, shall be retain'd !"
With wonder, but humility, they heard
The great behest. All deem'd that now their Lord
Quickly would leave them, and more close each drew,
Yet none dar'd pray him to prolong his stay;
But mute and trembling, with imploring looks
Round him they stood: when suddenly his form
Melted before their sight! Then Peter cried,
" Lord, we shall see thee yet in Galilee !"

THE MESSIAH.

CANTO XIV.

CANTO XIV.

COME, heav'n-rapt Contemplation! Thou who oft
Hast o'er my soul thy thrilling influence shed,
While on the world of spirits I have mus'd
In shudd'ring expectation!

To the earth,
At that great period which my strain now sings,
That world of spirits came; for, lo, the dead
Appear'd to many of the chosen band
Of first believers, beck'ning them to Heav'n,
Displaying life eternal to their hopes!
Small was the blessed seed, yet from its root
Sprang up a tree, whose branches fill the sky,
Whose leaf ne'er withers! See, in Heav'n appear
Hundred and forty thousand, all redeem'd!
That multitude, whose host on her bright plains
No man can count, all ransom'd too! That troop,
Thousands on thousands, who before the Throne,
Sing the new Song which none but they can learn!
All these, redeem'd from earth, all undefil'd,

Follow the Lamb of God, where'er he goes,
Spotless and pure, the first-fruits to the Lord.
Hark! The prodigious host of every tongue,
Kindred, and nation, who with palms in hand,
And cloth'd in white, stand round about the Throne,
Shout in loud jubilee, "Glory to Him
"Who sitteth on the Throne, and to the Lamb,
"For evermore!" Then bow the Seraphim,
The Elders prostrate fall, Heav'n's crystal sea
Lifts her bright waves, the palms of victory
Aloft by the triumphant host are borne:
For out of tribulation are these come,
Their robes are whiten'd in their Saviour's blood!

On earth, meantime, the small, but blessed band,
The root of that fair tree, still lay enchain'd
With fetters of their Law. Soon shall they wake;
Then, by his first discourse, shall Peter gain
Three thousand to his Lord!

But now the Saints,
In bodies glorified, rejoicing sped

Their separate flight, to show themselves on earth
To those who earliest join'd the Christian band.

Since in the midst of a surrounding crowd
Jesus had rais'd and bless'd the pious boy,
Thoughtful and grave the young Nephthoa liv'd.
Oft would he shun his comrades, for to him
No childish sport brought joys like solitude.
Thus in Life's early spring, his soul mature
Bore blossoms, rip'ning into fruit divine
Of grace and wisdom. In Eve's shadowy hour,
Bent on his knee, in a remote recess,
The pious child, in deep devotion knelt.
His Angel, hov'ring o'er him, heard his pray'r,
And wrote, in lasting characters of fire,
Each innocent petition, which found grace
With Him, the ever-hearing Deity.
The shining writing in the Angel's hand
Still open lay, when young Benoni came,
Radiant in glory! Still Nephthoa knelt,
While thus he pray'd: — " Father of Heav'n, behold,
" With ardent gratitude I praise thy name
" For thine abundant grace! Yes, 'twas from thee

" That mighty Prophet came, who o'er me spoke
" His heav'nly blessing! Yet, eternal Lord,
" Father of ev'ry child in earth and heav'n,
" Who may suffice to speak thy glorious praise?
" Behold, the Lord of Glory will accept
" Even the suckling's thanks! Then, Father, hear,
" While thus my stamm'ring lips their homage pay!"
Benoni, ere the youthful suppliant spoke,
Purpos'd to greet him in the borrow'd form
Of one who came as pilgrim to the feast.
But when the tears of gratitude and praise
Roll'd from Nephthoa's eyes, no more could he
A mortal semblance wear: at once he stood
In glory visible before the boy,
Cloth'd in a fleecy robe of rosy clouds.
Nephthoa started not: in dreams so oft
The child had view'd such radiant images.
" Celestial visitant!" in joy he cried,
" Com'st thou, by Jesus, God's great Prophet, sent,
" A messenger to me of peace and love?"
Benoni answer'd: — " Lo, from Him I come,
" Who on the Cross expir'd; who has arisen!
" Soon to the majesty on high he goes:

" Then will his chosen witnesses, his death,
" His resurrection, his ascension, preach
" Throughout Jerusalem !" Benoni spoke,
And vanish'd; while Nephthoa knelt entranc'd,
With outstretch'd arms, as if to grasp the form,
Which, to his dazzled eyes, yet dimly seem'd
To stand before him. When the last faint trace
Faded away, he dropp'd his outspread arms,
And, clasping fast his hands, look'd up to Heav'n,
Smiling amid his tears; but not alone,
As now he deem'd, for still, invisible,
Benoni and the Angel o'er him hung,
And heard the grateful boy in fervent tones
Praise his all-merciful, his gracious Lord,
Who had vouchsaf'd that radiant form to send.

With imitative skill sat Tabitha,
Tracing a web of silken broidery;
When sudden, starting from her seat, she rose
To aid a female, who, in mourner's garb,
Pale and exhausted, as with travel spent,
Enter'd the chamber. Yet her borrow'd woe
Ill veil'd the radiance of the prophetess,

The risen Deborah! Pale was her cheek,
Like a dim morning, but it was the haze
Which clouds a vernal day. "Behold!" she cried,
"I come to rest me here, my way is long!
"Continue then thy task, and let me weep!"
As thus she spoke, she sat, and 'gainst a harp
Gently reclining, all its strings sent forth
A plaintive murmur. Tabitha in vain
Strove to console the mourner. "Let me weep,
"Oh let me weep in peace, my griefs are fresh!"
The stranger cried; and Tabitha return'd
In silence to her task. The mourner, then,
Taking the harp, drew from its strings such tones
As from a sighing brook are wont to steal,
When, through the forest, ere the tempest comes,
A death-like stillness reigns. Her languid hand
Swept o'er the chords as if t' invoke the grave.
The list'ning Tabitha no more might wail
The stranger's sorrow, who thus plaintive sung:—
"Lo, few and feeble was the band on earth
"That wept His fate, who died on Golgotha!
"With rays extinguish'd stood Heav'n's mournful host,
"And from their viewless harps a deep lament

" Rose through the star-clad sky! Earth heard it not!
" A rocky fragment o'er his grave was roll'd,
" Thund'ring it fell, and clos'd the sepulchre;
" And while its hollow sound rose through the air
" The dust rose with it! Silent lay the corse;
" But, lo, it slept not long! Glorious it wak'd!
" Shout Heav'ns! your joyful hallelujahs shout!
" The Dead is ris'n! Yes, mortal, deem'st thou now
" Corruption's sleep will last? Oh, canst thou think
" Eternal is the slumber of the tomb?"
With mute amazement on the prophetess
Tabitha look'd; she strove to ask in vain;
She strove to rise, but mov'd not! On the harp
Deb'rah, reclining, spoke: — " Learn from my lips,
" Oh learn, the resurrection of the dead!
" Much needest thou such solace, for, behold,
" Twice must thou lie in death. Lo, Jesus Christ,
" Himself the first-fruits of the grave, will wake
" The sleeping dead! Light, then, oh Tabitha,
" Must be thy sorrow, when thine hour shall come!
" Calmly must thou then lay thee in the dust,
" Waiting the call of life! Oh, should the shades
" Of the dark tomb, the hollow sound of earth

" Thrown on the corse, the stillness of the grave
" Then left in solitude, Corruption's pow'r,
" Scare those, who, while they there await their lot,
" Know that their God ere long shall call them forth
" To share the bliss of angels?" As she spoke,
Again she seiz'd the harp: its whisp'ring strings
Thrill'd 'neath her fingers, while her smiling lips,
Breathing Heav'n's sweetest melody, thus sung: —
" What bliss was mine, when from my flow'r-deck'd grave
" I sprung exulting; when, thus glorified,
" My body rose immortal!" As she sung,
Radiance around her stream'd. Faint and more faint
Now died the tones of her celestial voice,
Sinking in distance; while her glitt'ring beams
Gradually vanish'd. Mute, and pale with joy,
Tabitha stood: the harp's retiring tone
Echo'd no more!

Beneath Moriah's shade
A splendid dwelling rear'd its stately roof
Above the rest, but with more din to fall,
When round the carcass, at the day foretold,

Eagles should gather. On the terrac'd roof
The only son of its rich master pac'd
With silent step. In the fresh bloom of life
The thoughtful youth was his companion's joy,
His mother's transport. O'er Jerusalem
The cloudless moon now rose. Her light serene
Silver'd Moriah. Soft, on all but those
Who in the nightly death of sleep were lock'd,
Her meditative influence she shed.
Chiefest on Stephen, that reflecting youth,
Who, plung'd in labyrinths of thought, now mus'd
On Him of Bethleh'm, whose mysterious fate
Still more and more inexplicable grew
Beneath his contemplation. His dark hair,
Clust'ring in ringlets, hid the hand on which
He leant his brow, and o'er his snow-white robe
Wav'd in luxuriance. Thus he stood, when, lo,
A stranger youth approach'd. " From distant seas,"
He cried, " I hither come! The crystal fount
" Has quench'd my thirst: they have anointed me!"
(Arabia's perfumes breath'd as thus he spoke.)
" With light and spicy food am I refresh'd.
" I need no farther solace but to taste

" This balmy evening here !" Stephen replied ;
" Stranger, I greet thee ! May our dwelling's peace
" Be on thy head ! But, tell me, hast thou heard
" The wondrous hist'ry, in these days, of Him,
" Jerusalem's great Prophet ?" Eagerly
The stranger answer'd : — " What ! of him who died
" To testify to yet diviner truths
" Than Moses ever taught ?" — " Stranger, thy words,"
Stephen replied, " amaze me ! Said'st thou not
" Thou cam'st from distant realms; where hast thou then
" Heard of his doctrine ?"—" Where I learnt the truth,"
The stranger said, " I will hereafter tell.
" But say, should'st thou discover that he died,
" Not merely to bear witness to the truth,
" But to atone for Man; that from the grave
" He now is ris'n; oh, think'st thou thy young life
" (Fair budding as it is) would be too dear
" To offer for his sake ?" — " God only knows,"
Stephen exclaim'd, " the portion of my strength !
" But, could I speak my soul's most ardent wish —"
" No more !" the stranger interrupting cried.
" Lo, I would recompense, not urge, thy zeal !
" Hear, then, my words ! In vain the bloody king

" Sought to entice with proffer'd rank and wealth
" The youngest of the seven martyr'd sons.
" In vain the cruel tyrant would have forc'd
" The youth's heroic mother to persuade
" Her son to yield. ' Alas, my boy !' she cried,
" My dearest, youngest, now my only son !
" Whom I have ever nourish'd with fond care,
" Have pity on thy mother ! Oh, behold !
" All that thou seest in heav'n, and all on earth,
" Our God has made. He has created us !
" Then fear not for his sake to die !' While thus
" His mother spake, the youth aloud exclaim'd : —
" ' Why, tyrant, tarriest thou ? Immortal life
" My brothers, after transient pains, now taste !'
" Boldly he said, and died !" E'en ere his tale
The stranger ended, radiant grew his brow,
His eye shot fire ; and as in speechless awe
Stephen before the shining vision sank,
" 'Twas I," aloud it cried, " who thus fulfill'd
" My mother's pray'r ! See ! Yonder did I learn"
(And, as he spoke, the Martyr sprung tow'rd Heav'n,)
" The truths which Jesus taught !" Aloft he soar'd,
And vanish'd mid the clouds.

Now the fifth morn
Gave ruddy promise of a brilliant day
O'er Judah's hills, when with it Portia wak'd
From dreams, not sleep. She sought her early flow'rs,
But vain their rich perfumes. " Alas!" she cried;
" Behold, another morning gilds the earth,
" Yet all is night within me! Ah, for me
" No day arises! Plung'd in darkness still,
" Giver of Life, for thee in vain I pant!
" Alas, in vain I thirst to learn thy will,
" To know that Holy One, whom in his grave
" We find no more! Yet though no longer now
" Amid the dead he sleep, still round his tomb
" Smiles the fair spring. I will go visit it!
" Perhaps the mourners who around it weep
" May shed some light o'er my benighted soul!"
Thus musing, by a sign she gave command
At distance to be follow'd; and soon left
The wall-girt city, and approach'd the tomb.
By the same path, clad like a female Greek
Come from the cluster'd isles of Archipelago
To see the feast, Rachel, disguis'd, advanc'd.
Her hand a light staff bore, a purple band

Confin'd her braided hair. With footstep slow,
As if in thought absorb'd, passed Rachel by,
Tow'rd the near sepulchre, when Portia's voice
Gently detain'd her: " Stranger, deign to stay!
" With thoughtful mien tow'rd yonder tomb thou goest,
" Say, knew'st thou Him, whom, but a few days since,
" That grave enclos'd? Hast thou the rumour heard
" That he is ris'n?"—" Nay," cried the seeming Greek,
" More than a rumour reach'd me! I have seen
" One of the friends to whom he has appear'd."—
" Appear'd!" cried Portia: " Is he thus indeed
" Victor of Death? Ah, wherefore, in reward,
" Has he no triumph? Why proclaim they not
" His wondrous conquest, till Jerusalem,
" The lofty Temple, Sion's sacred Mount,
" Re-echo to the cry? Why, on gold staves,
" Bears not all Judah statues of her sires,
" Of Abrah'm, Moses, Daniel, in the pomp
" Of glad procession? Ah why, after Him,
" The Mighty One, who died, and lives again,
" Weep not in gratitude the lame, the blind,
" The deaf, the dumb, who walk, and see, and hear?
" Yes! He should have a triumph such as Rome

" Ne'er yet has seen! More great than those have known
" Who proudly have deposited their crowns
" Of fading laurel in her Capitol!
" Alas, I err! I heard himself declare,
" His kingdom is not here!" Casting aside,
At once, the swelling images of pomp,
Fit meed to grace Earth's blood-stain'd conquerors,
Absorb'd in higher hopes she stood, and mus'd
On the bright kingdom of Eternity.
While on the youthful heathen, thus entranc'd
In thought sublime, Rachel intently gaz'd,
Well nigh the mem'ry faded that as yet
In mortal garb, before a child of earth,
Disguis'd she stood. Bright o'er her glowing cheek
Began the hues of ruddy eve to shine;
Its smile danc'd in her eye. But Portia turn'd,
And Rachel swiftly drew her radiance in,
And, in her shape assum'd, leant on her staff,
As if fatigued. Portia, amaz'd, beheld
Joy's brilliant hue thus fade to weariness.
With quicken'd breath, trembling and pale she stood,
While through her soul astonishment yet thrill'd
Too deep for words. " Thy musings," Rachel cried,

" Gladden my soul. I joy that thus too mean
" Earth's paltry triumphs to thy view appear
" For Him, the Lord of Glory! Lo, no more
" Shalt thou in Error's mournful lab'rinth stray!
" Thou, who would'st gladly hear the dead had ris'n!
" Thou, to whom soon, perchance, the witnesses
" May tell, that they have seen the Lord of Life!" —
" To me!" cried Portia faintly; while big tears
Roll'd from her eyes, as on her polish'd brow
The stranger press'd her hand, and gently said,
" May the dread Sovereign of Eternity,
" Jehovah, be thy God! He gave thee life!
" He will have mercy on thee!" With low voice
Portia exclaim'd — " Teach me, whoe'er thou art,
" Whether of earth, or of that heav'nly host
" Sometimes to mortals sent, oh, teach my soul
" To worship Him!" — " Depart to Galilee!"
Rachel replied: " There if thou seest him not,
" He yet will send his chosen ones to thee!
" But now, behold I leave thee!" — " Oh, go not!
" I do conjure thee," quickly Portia cried,
" E'en by that God so gracious! Leave me not,
" But say, who art thou?" Joy from Rachel's eye

Beam'd visibly, while she exclaim'd — " I stay !
" Learn thou from me henceforth to make thy pray'r !"
By the Redeemer's sepulchre she knelt,
And spoke the holy form of words he taught,
While Portia, mute with rev'rence, by her side
Submissive sunk. But at the final close,
When Rachel cried, " Thine is the kingdom, Lord,
" The glory, and the pow'r !" at once she rais'd
Her outstretch'd arms to Heav'n, burst radiant forth
In dazzling light, and soaring o'er the tomb,
Behind the grove's dark summit disappear'd.
Yet ere she vanish'd, with fond looks of love
She gaz'd on Portia, as rejoic'd to view
The youthful Roman's speechless ecstasy;
Who, kneeling still, stretch'd after her in vain
Her longing arms. At length all trace was gone;
And Portia rose, light as a summer leaf,
The laughing zephyr's sport, and while glad tears
Roll'd down her glowing cheek, with eager step
Once more Jerusalem's proud walls she sought.

High o'er Moriah's Temple Abrah'm soar'd,
And, gazing downward mid the worshippers,

Sought one who should be worthy to behold
His form of glory. Long he sought in vain.
Beside a palm-wreath'd pillar, he at length
Descried a grave and contemplative youth
In deep devotion. From his thoughtful eye
Flash'd rays of fire, while to the name of God
The deep-voic'd trumpets, whose sonorous tones
Breathe war, and victory, and solemn praise,
Loudly resounded. As their thunder ceas'd,
His downcast eye with tear-dimm'd lustre beam'd
In milder glance. Sweet on his list'ning ear
The Gittith gently stole, Korah's soft psalm,
The harp, belov'd of David: while the tones
(Mightier than strings or brass to move the soul)
Of human voices through the lofty roof
Thus in high chorus swell'd: — " On the Lord's hill
" Are her foundations fix'd! The mighty God
" Loveth the gates of Zion more than all
" Judea's dwellings! Glorious things of thee,
" City of God, are spoken! Wondrous deeds
" Shall be fulfill'd in thee!" As thus they sung
Saul knelt in fervent pray'r, while from the throng
Abrah'm selected him; and when at length

The music ceas'd, and the retiring crowd
Pour'd from the Temple gates, his lonely steps
The Patriarch follow'd. But more swift than light
From Tabor's cloud-wrapt summit Gabriel flew
To check his purpose. " Abraham, forbear !"
The Seraph cried — " Greet not that favour'd youth !
" The Lord himself will deign to visit him ! "—
" And who is this ?" with wonder Abrah'm ask'd,
" To whom the Saviour will himself appear !"—
" Behold Damascus !" Gabriel answering cried:
" There soon that youth will hasten, with blind zeal,
" To persecute God's people. A fierce train
" Around him will he gather, mad with rage,
" Eager for blood ! Yet has th' Eternal will
" Made him its chosen instrument ! Behold,
" He shall proclaim before the Gentile world,
" Their kings, and rulers, before Israel's sons
" The name of the Redeemer ! What great things
" For Jesus he must suffer, Christ himself
" Shortly will show him ! Then shall he receive
" God's Holy Spirit, and, baptiz'd, shall preach
" In Jesus' name; prove Him the Son of God,
" Once dead, but risen now, and glorified,

" The Heaven-thron'd Messiah !" Gabriel ceas'd,
And Abraham in mute obedience turn'd
His rapid flight.

Meantime in Joel's bow'r
Samma, his father, sat beside his son
Absorb'd in thought. Dead was their Lord; nor yet
Had tidings of his waking reach'd their ears.
Sadly they sat, and deem'd the passing moon
Sole witness of their tears. But, on a cloud
Which like a silver canopy hung near,
One listen'd to their grief, and pitying view'd
Their hopeless sorrow. 'Twas Benoni's form.
" No more," at length he cried, " can I refrain !
" To my lov'd father I must show myself,
" Must hail my brother !" From the cloud he dropp'd,
And Samma cried amaz'd, " Lord God of Heav'n !
" Gracious, and merciful, what form is that
" Which glitters yonder? Comes it not from Heav'n ?"
" What seest thou, father ?" pale with fear, exclaim'd
The youthful Joel. " I behold a shape
" Sparkling in light, advancing through yon trees,
" As if to join us ! Vision ! what art thou ?

Samma exclaim'd: when through the arbour rung
A silv'ry voice, which answer'd —" Lo! I come,
" A harbinger of joy more exquisite,
" Of purer blessedness, than ye could hope!" —
" What voice is that?" cried Joel. " Ah, whose face
" Thus near and nearer comes? Merciful God!
" It is Benoni!" To the earth he sunk
When, lo, Benoni's arm supported him!
" Joel, my brother!" cried the happy one.
" My heav'nly brother!" falt'ringly exclaim'd
Th' astonish'd Joel. " Hail, beloved sire!"
The glad Benoni cried, while in his arms
Raising his parent, he sustain'd the life
Which else, mid feelings new, unspeakable,
Had in the conflict sunk, and tearless joy
Had stiffen'd into death. Gently he placed
His father on a moss-besprinkled seat
And cried — " The Lord, our Saviour Jesus Christ,
" Is risen from the dead! Wide, at the voice
" Of his omnipotence, the graves flew ope,
" And many saints arose. Lo, ere to God
" He shall ascend, mid heav'nly trumpets' clang
" And shouts of seraphim, on earth, at once,

" Five hundred shall behold him! Mid their band,
" May ye the favour'd of your Lord appear!"—
" What!" exclaim'd Samma, " shall my sad career
" Thus close in joy? How could I hope for this
" When Melancholy first her sable veil
" Spread o'er my soul, ere yet my senses fled;
" But conscious still, I look'd around, and saw
" Dark labyrinths of ruin only near;
" Beyond stalk'd gloomy Terror! Then, my son,
" Ah then, my reason left me! Then I dash'd
" My lov'd Benoni on the bloody rock,
" To weep the cursed deed (I thought till now)
" Throughout a wretched life! But all is chang'd
" To joy celestial, and we meet again!
" My son, my blest Benoni, mangled once
" Against the gore-stain'd rock, what bliss is thine!
" Behold, I know thou must again depart,
" Yet say I not 'Farewell!' Before my eyes
" Still will thy brilliant form in glory shine,
" Tenant of Heav'n! Nay, scarcely shall I deem
" We meet afresh, when in the realms of light,
" Beyond the grave, I greet thy lucid form!"
Benoni rais'd his hands: with brighter beams

His radiant visage glow'd, as thus he spoke: —
" Soon may thine hour of death steal gently on,
" Beloved father! Shall I bless thee, too,
" Joel, my brother?" Joel speechless kneel'd,
While his celestial brother on his brow
Press'd light his hand. " May God, the mighty God,
" Who rais'd the Saviour from his bed of earth,
" Bring thee to Jesus!" As Benoni spoke,
He vanish'd from their sight.

On Tabor's brow,
Meantime, the holy troop of risen saints
Once more in multitudes began to meet.
Bright, from Jerusalem, the sparkling train
Came soaring onward: some exulting still
In the celestial bliss they had conferred;
Some musing on the joy which sown by them
In honest hearts spread secretly its roots,
Soon to spring up, and stretch a shade of peace
Athwart the pilgrim's burning path of dust.
As when t' advancing night pale twilight yields,
Star after star appearing gem the vault
Of boundless, blue immensity, so thick

The risen saints o'er Tabor's sacred brow
Successive gleam'd. But few remain'd, who yet
Join'd not the band.

Beneath her bower'd porch
In Galilee young Cidli musing sat,
And saw pale morning's blush begin to tinge
The eastern sky. Since Semida in grief
Had quitted her, and sought his rock-hewn tomb,
She had not seen him. " Oh, from my sad soul,
" Innocent love," she cried, " (for surely thus
" I may pronounce thee,) when wilt thou depart?
" When shall I chase the sorrow which thus sinks
" All round me into misery and tears?
" If from the grave I rose, henceforth to know
" No ties on earth, ah why, in anguish thus,
" Still tarries love, wretched, though innocent,
" Within my heart? But who shall solve my doubts?
" Who shall from sorrow pluck me? True, from death
" I have aris'n; but I am mortal still,
" Still live and weep like others? Ah, much more!
" Yet — hush my grief! Too clam'rous art thou grown!"
She rose, and brush'd the tear-drop from her cheek;

When, suddenly, a female form drew near.
" Long time for Jairus' daughter have I sought,"
The stranger cried, " and, lo, I find thee here!
" Hast thou of thy Deliv'rer's triumph heard?"—
" That he has ris'n from death," Cidli replied,
" I have been told: but I have yet seen none
" Who have beheld his glory! My lov'd friend,
" Mary of Bethany, alas, is dead!
" Whether the Mother of our Lord yet lives
" I know not!"— " Yes, she lives," the stranger cried;
" And she has seen her Son!"—" Oh, who art thou?"
Cidli exclaim'd. " What angel sends thee thus
" To bring me tidings of our risen Lord,
" T' impart his Mother's joy?"—" I seek thee here,"
The stranger said, " as one of those, in whom,
" While in his humiliation, Jesus show'd
" His pow'r divine. Hast thou not, Cidli, heard,
" That other witnesses have lately ris'n,
" To testify that with yet greater might
" He triumphs now o'er death, and o'er the grave,
" Than when he waken'd Laz'rus, and that youth,
" Orphan of Nain, and, Cidli, thee Oh, say,
" Hast thou not heard that when upon the Cross

" His eyes in death were seal'd, from their dark graves
" Rose many saints, who even now appear
" To those who love Him?"—" I — I love him!" cried
The eager Cidli. " Is thy saying true?" —
" Soon will its truth be shown," the stranger said.
" The risen saints, 'tis said, are gathering now
" On Tabor's holy mount. My purpose is
" Thither to go. Yet fain would I proceed,
" Accompanied by one who from her grave
" Already has aris'n. Wilt thou then go?"—
" Stranger," cried Cidli, " I, indeed, from death
" Have been awak'd, yet am I mortal still!
" But gladly will I go!" They hasten'd forth.

With studious zeal, meantime, young Semida
Had sought and found witness so clear and strong
To prove Christ's resurrection, that his soul
Rested in faith secure. Ah, then, afresh
His youthful passion wak'd in all its force!
Cidli, created to be ever his,
Rush'd to his heart in one o'erwhelming thought.
" Alas, I know not," mus'd the youth, " if she,

" Throughout eternity my heart's sole choice,
" Partake my love! From death we both are rais'd,
" But not immortal are we! Had we been,
" Oh! had we reach'd those happy vales of peace,
" Where lovers part not, there my Cidli's love
" Had equall'd mine! How wondrous is my fate!
" Cut off in early youth's gay bloom, I died:
" Then from confus'd perception of new realms,
" Dusky, yet full of bliss, lo, I return'd,
" Well nigh, I deem'd, immortal! Soon, alas,
" To own mortality, to suffer woe
" Which ere my death I knew not! To lament,
" With chief regret, that by his wisdom taught
" Who died, and lives again, I have not sown,
" With undivided care, that precious seed
" Which ripens for eternity. Oh Lord,
" Now risen from thy grave, ere yet in Heav'n
" Thou join'st thy Father, deign to draw my soul
" More fully tow'rds thee! Grant me grace to seek
" The one thing needful!" As, with folded hands,
The youth thus pray'd, a stranger near him drew,
And faintly cried — " Young man, I crave thine aid

" Tow'rds Tabor to assist me! Weak am I,
" Weary, and poor!" With ready kindness lent
Young Semida his aid, and as the sun
Rose o'er the hills, tow'rds Tabor they approach'd.
There Cidli first perceiv'd the youth: yet while
Joy shook her frame, behind her stranger guide
Silent she stood. Semida too beheld,
And rushing forward, met the trembling maid.
Both stopp'd as they approach'd, and speechless gaz'd,
With mingled sentiments of joy and grief.
But Cidli's guide now urged her to ascend
The mountain-top, ere fiercer glow'd the sun.
" Must I so soon then, Cidli, say farewell?"
Cried Semida. The maiden wept, but turn'd
To join her guide; and Semida remain'd
T' assist his wearied comrade. " Yonder leads
" A shorter path to reach the mountain's brow,"
The stranger said, " than that the females take.
" Wilt thou proceed with me?"—"Yes," cried the youth,
" I will not leave thee! But say, whence art thou?" —
" I come," the stranger answer'd, " from bright realms
" Where troops of happy friends still wait for me!" —
" Who are thy friends?" amaz'd, ask'd Semida.

The stranger threw on him a glance of joy,
And answer'd — " Noah, Abrah'm, David, Job,
" Deborah, Rachel !" Still, as thus he spoke,
Semida's wonder more intense became ;
For ruddy glow'd the stranger's countenance,
While each new ray seem'd but the harbinger
Of brighter glory. Semida's young cheek
With joy and fear each moment paler grew,
As yet more dazzling shone the stranger's brow ;
But now the friendly vision urg'd the youth,
Still trembling, to proceed.

Meantime their path
Cidli and her companion had pursued,
And reach'd the summit. There, in mute amaze,
Beneath the cedar-grove, she saw advance
The stranger form, who now enshrin'd in light
Conducted Semida. The mortals stood
Both trembling, speechless both : while swift
On every side bright shapes came gliding by
And smil'd on them. More numerous grew the band,
Brighter, and brighter ! Who can speak their joy ?
What words may paint their ecstasy, describe

How round they gaz'd, with hands in wonder clasp'd,
Then cast their eyes to earth! How they had ask'd,
But that the falt'ring sounds in silence died!
How, glitt'ring in the light which round them stream'd,
Basking in lustre, hail'd by whispers soft
Of love and blessing from each radiant group,
They trembled and rejoiced! At length each drew
Nearer the other. Then, at once all fear
Suddenly vanish'd, and the happy pair,
Transform'd, were glorified! With outstretch'd arms
Joyful they flew, and met in glad embrace
There first, where pain and parting are no more!
O blessed hope of meeting, while in dust
The living waits to rest beside the dead,
Thy softest solace is but the faint dream
Of Semida's and Cidli's ecstasy!

Once more to seek his brethren, from whose band
In solitude he had so long withdrawn,
Now from the distant tomb came Didymus.
With hesitating footstep he approach'd
The well-known dwelling, and against a palm
Which o'er the entrance wav'd, reclining leant.

He heard the voice of song, and drawing near,
Listen'd in silence. Hark, a hymn arose
Of resurrection; such as high in Heav'n
The blessed Martyrs sing!

"Jesus is ris'n!"
Rung the glad chorus, "and will call from death
"His chosen ones! His servants shall not lie
"In earth's dark lap for ever; sore defac'd
"Beneath Corruption's hand! Oh no! The voice
"Of blessing shall resound, before whose tones
"The echoes of the curse shall die away!
"E'en the bright seraphim with joy shall shine
"In doubled lustre, when they shall behold
"The dead alive again; the grave no more;
"Corruption powerless; the body, erst
"The lofty soul's companion, in dark cells
"No longer sleeping! Blow then, winds of east,
"Collect the scatter'd dust! Ye western gales,
"Give your soft breath to waft the ashes on!
"Blast of the north, with howling force drive by
"Each broken particle! Jesus is ris'n!
"He will awake his own! They shall not lie

" In Earth's dark lap for ever: sore defac'd
" Beneath Corruption's hand! Oh no! Arouz'd
" As from a dream, we shall awake to bliss!
" Blow, then, ye eastern breezes! Breathe ye gales
" From the warm south, and waft the happy dust
" To God's new Paradise! Lo, at its gate
" No silent cherubim keep their stern guard,
" No flaming weapons menace! There shall we
" Hold with th' Eternal Son his promis'd feast
" Beneath the Tree of Life, while all around
" Whispers the present Deity. Behold,
" He, who has lov'd his followers e'en to death,
" Has left his grave!"

Thus rung the song of praise
On Thomas' list'ning ear, who sunk, oppress'd,
Before the threshold. In his mantle's folds
He hid his face; while, like the blood of one
Mortally wounded on the field of war,
Who hears afar the shout of victory,
Rais'd by his joyful comrades, flow'd his tears.
Though o'er his weary limbs the midnight air
Breath'd cold and piercingly, he felt it not;

While still he wept in anguish, whose keen pangs
Shook his whole soul. Wildly at length he rose,
And rush'd among his brethren, who with joy
Beheld his entrance, and their tale of life
Gladly repeated. Silently he heard,
Nor made reply; till o'er his inmost soul
Again the cold torpidity of grief,
Spreading its iron arm, in sullen tones,
" Unless I view the nail-print in his hands
" And lay my finger there: unless I see
" The spear-mark on his side, and feel its wound,
" Your tale I cannot credit!" he exclaim'd.
Pale grew the list'ner's cheeks: yet, lo, e'en now,
Above the neighbouring palms, the cherubim
Flutter'd with joy, their glist'ning eyes swam bright
With pleasure's tears. Behold, already nigh,
The Saviour's pitying mercy hover'd o'er
His weeping foll'wers! Lo, before their eyes
Stood the Messiah! As the Christian starts,
When suddenly, from death awak'd, he views
The light of Heav'n, so in amazement's trance
Fell Thomas to the earth. " Peace be with you!"
In gracious accent spoke the Saviour's voice.

Then turning him to Didymus, he cried —
" Give me thy finger, and behold my hands !
" Approach, and lay thy hand upon my side !
" And be no longer faithless, but believe !"
The trembling witness cried, in falt'ring tones—
" My Lord ! My God !"—" Thomas," replied the Lord,
" Because thou hast beheld, thou dost believe.
" Blessed are they, who, though beholding not,
" Shall yet acknowledge me !" As thus he spoke,
The Saviour vanish'd. Awe-struck and amaz'd,
Thomas adoring knelt; then, rising, turn'd
With deep contrition to confess his fault
Before his brethren. All with gladness gave
The pardon which he ask'd. They now discours'd
Of their expected martyrdom; the prize
Which at the goal should wait them; the bright crown
Laid up to wreath their brows, when with their blood
They should have seal'd their witness to the truth.

In a sequester'd garden, through whose shades
A streamlet wound, the hut of Lazarus
And Martha rose: whence led a narrow path

To Mary's tomb. 'Twas the same sepulchre
Where Laz'rus erst had at his Saviour's call,
Risen to life. There lay his sister's corse
Bound in Death's iron sleep; yet not bewail'd
By weeping friendship. Jesus was aris'n,
And Mary's happy spirit was with him!
Each rising sun saw Martha strew the grave
With flow'rets from the brook's enamell'd side;
While, with the flow'rs, dropp'd tears of ardent hope
That, by her sister in the earth, she soon
Might sleep in death; blind to each painted flow'r,
Deaf to the music of the running brook,
But, in the realms of bliss, with Mary's soul
Alive for ever! From the tomb she came,
When Laz'rus met her. "Martha," he exclaim'd,
"Our friends and brethren to our dwelling come!
"Haste and prepare for them!" She swift obey'd.
And now th' assembled circle sat beneath
The arbour's leafy shade, while joy and peace
Possess'd their souls. What of their risen Lord
Had they not heard and seen! What needed more
To make them deem their life but one short day
Clos'd by a brilliant evening! To hail Death

But as a gentle sleep! No cloudy doubts
Obscur'd their joy: e'en now they seem'd to stand
Beyond the grave in blest security.
Calm shone the silver moon, the evening star
Gleam'd in the white-rob'd west, while through the grove
In separate groups the friends dispersing stray'd.
With solemn vehemence Laz'rus discours'd
On the Redeemer's doctrines, his late death,
His keen, mysterious agonies. "Oh, far
"Beyond man's finite suff'rance," he exclaim'd,
"Were those fierce pangs! With feeling more intense
"Than man's or angel's, he endur'd unmov'd
"The taunts of Hell; heard their loud serpent-hiss,
"While with a purple vest in mock'ry rob'd;
"A reed his sceptre; thorns around his brow
"Wove for a diadem! Then led to death
"Upon the Hill of Skulls; nail'd to the cross;
"Parching for liquid, and receiving gall;
"At length in ling'ring torture he expir'd!"
Laz'rus, by sad remembrances o'erwhelm'd,
Here ceas'd, and left the bow'r. To Mary's grave
He took his lonely way, and seated there

On death's dark resting-place, in mingled thoughts
Of peace and sorrow, inly thus he mus'd: —
" Here, O my sister, ripens thy pale corse
" For Resurrection's hour! Thou hadst but heard,
" Ere thy departure, of thy Saviour's death,
" Not of his rising! But now know'st thou all!
" Now art thou with him! Lo, I hail thy bliss,
" Slumb'rer in God!" While Lazarus thus mus'd,
The Saviour saw, and graciously o'er him
And his assembled friends shed joy and peace.

THE MESSIAH.

CANTO XV.

CANTO XV.

MEANTIME on Tabor's height the Sire of Man
At his Redeemer's feet imploring knelt.
" O purify my vision, Lord !" he cried.
" Permit me to behold the bright results
" Of thine atonement !" — " Adam," said the Lord,
" All in the Day of Judgment shalt thou view.
" Yet to thy pray'r e'en now will I impart
" Some passing vision of that awful hour
" For which thy spirit pants ! Haste to the shade
" Of yon dark cedars !" Adam silent heard,
And swift obey'd. There o'er his closing eyes,
Stole slumber heavy as that pristine sleep
Which erst in Eden weigh'd his eyelids down,
And fearful images came o'er his soul.
At length he rose, and with a heavy step,
As if in wonder still benumb'd, he join'd
Th' etherial band, who gathering round him drew,
With eager longing from his lips to hear,
Though dimly pictur'd, some deep shadow'd scene,

Some chasten'd splendours of the Final Day.
High on the summit of a hill he sat,
While saints and angels press'd in circle thick,
Intent to listen at the feet of him,
Whom thus the Saviour of the World had grac'd.

'Twas on a Sabbath eve, when, with the wings
Of dewy twilight, o'er my spirit flew
The calm and lonely hours, and rapt I sat
In thought profound; my heav'nly Muse appear'd
Before me visible! Ne'er had mine eye
Conspicuous thus beheld her! Never yet
Had such deep traces of divinity
Mark'd her prophetic brow! Entranc'd she sung
Of Adam's vision. Oft, in speechless awe,
Her accents dropp'd: bright glow'd at times her cheek;
Then rapidly its crimson hue would fade
To mortal paleness. From her quiv'ring lip
Low thunders mutter'd: sterner grew her eye;
Scarce might her palsied hand retain the harp:
The golden circlet round her streaming hair
Flutter'd convulsively. But, lo, again
She rouz'd her from her fear: again Heav'n's peace

Beam'd in her smile; and loud, on thousand wings,
Careering like the wind, her thanks rose high,
E'en to Jehovah's throne! As thus she stood,
Awe-struck I gaz'd on her; while my left hand
Rested on earth, my sepulchre, to Heav'n
My right was stretch'd. Fain would I chant her strain
To earth's inhabitants! A thousand tones
Still on my spirit rest; a thousand more
Mock my frail voice. Thousands on thousands swept,
Uncomprehended, o'er my list'ning ear!

Adam thus spoke:— "Swift as a cherub's flight
"Methought I was conducted mid the hosts
"Of rising dead. Boundless appear'd the plain
"Of Resurrection. Lo, all were my sons!
"Almighty Father, what a sight was there!
"Oh, what a Form was that which on the throne
"In glory sat to judge my fallen race!
"How awful immortality then seem'd
"To my enlighten'd soul! Behold the hour
"Quickly shall come when Time will cease; when all
"Shall see the countless hosts I there beheld,
"The Judge upon his throne: yet finite voice

" Never shall speak the whole of that dread Day !"
Here Adam pausing, knelt in gratitude
Upon the earth. " Great Saviour !" he exclaim'd,
" Thou hast vouchsaf'd to show me some faint rays
" Of that great scene; thou hast permitted me
" To hear afar thine angry thunder's peal !"
He spoke and rose.

" Methought," he thus resum'd,
" That long already had the Judgment sat,
" And many had been sentenc'd. 'Twas no day
" Of earthly sunshine: his inferior beams
" Were quench'd or veil'd! The splendour from God's throne,
" Brilliant, but terrible, glar'd o'er the plain,
" Which teem'd with resurrection. Ghastly shapes,
" Methought, came flitting by, and disappear'd.
" Now distant peals of thunder, strains of harps,
" The voice of summons to the throne, all reach'd
" My list'ning ear! Yet may I not repeat
" Their fearful import: broken and detach'd
" The words I heard — the rest was lost mid rolls
" Of bursting thunder. Lo, with iron tread

" Stalk'd Death's dread Angel o'er the boundless plain.
" The hosts condemn'd, with eyes in terror glaz'd,
" Then upward look'd. The Balance was display'd.
" Down sunk the scale, while, deep o'er heav'n and earth,
" Silence, profound and universal, reign'd.
" Stern, solemn, fearful, was the Judge's brow:
" Omnipotence and anger both were there! 90
" He cast upon the wicked one short look,
" And turn'd his face in silence! Then at once
" Earth shook beneath them. From the Judgment-throne
" A whirlwind rush'd, and on its sable wings
" Rode Death's dark ministers. The wicked fled!
" Alas, no pitying earthquake yawn'd for them,
" And offer'd shelter! One short moment's pause,
" And we beheld the place whereon they stood
" Shine bright in vacancy! One moment more, 99
" And Hell's deep thunder reach'd our startled ears!
" She open'd — clos'd! Then Death's dread messengers
" Came soaring back. High in his grasp each bore
" A sable cloud. They shouted, Jubilee!

" In solitary distance, mute and still,
" Ah then, stood Abbadona: his faint glance

" Fix'd on the void profound! Near, and more near,
" Approaching tow'rds him drew, with measur'd step,
" One of those fearful angels. He beheld,
" And knew the messenger; and, waiting death,
" He rais'd his mournful aspect tow'rd his Judge,
" And utter'd a deep cry. The human hosts
" Intensely gaz'd on him; the Judge look'd down,
" While thus the sad one spoke: — 'Since all is pass'd,
" Since on this day Eternity's long night
" Quickly must close, O Thou, on yonder throne,
" Suffer these eyes (for ages drown'd in tears)
" To view thee yet a moment! O look down
" From that blest height, where, thron'd in peace, thou sitt'st,
" For thou thyself hast suffer'd! Yes, look down
" E'en on this depth of guilty misery!
" See me, most wretched of all criminals!
" I ask not pardon — be but merciful,
" And give me death! Hark, countless thunders roll
" Beneath thy dazzling throne; hurl then but one
" With force omnipotent against my brow!
" Alas! Thou form'dst me erst mid yon bright host:
" Now let me die! Wipe from Creation's page

" The view of woe like mine! Let all forget
" Th' afflicted Abbadona! Let the breath
" Of my existence cease, my former place
" Know me no more: me, of Creation's host
" Most lost, most wretched! Still thy thunder sleeps!
" Thou hear'st me not! Oh, if I still must live,
" Let me, apart from yonder guilty crew,
" On this dark place of judgment, ever dwell
" In dreary solitude! Alas! my woe
" Might find some mitigation, while absorb'd
" In deep remembrance I might gaze around,
" And say — There on his lofty throne th' eternal Son
" Sat with his shining wounds! There rose the saints
" On lucid clouds to Heav'n! Here was I judg'd!'
" As Abbadona spoke, prostrate he sunk
" Before Death's angel, who, his onward course
" Now checking suddenly, gaz'd on the Judge.
" In solemn silence stood the human race.
" The thunders, which as yet had round the throne
" Tremendous roll'd, now ceas'd. Arouz'd once more,
" The wretched seraph felt in all its weight
" His fearful immortality: when, lo,
" Through the still heav'ns the voice divine thus spoke: —

" ' I gave thee, Abbadona, life and joy!
" But thou forsook'dst thy God! Yon guilty host,
" Seduc'd by thee, have testified thy crime:
" They are, like thee, immortal!' His clasp'd hands
" The weeping seraph wrung above his head,
" And faintly cried, ' Saviour of Man! Behold,
" I was not worthy of the life thou gav'st!
" I ask, then, but one moment to recall
" The mem'ry of that hour when thee I hail'd
" As my Creator: now, alas, my Judge!
" Ah, then, I knew not woe; no pain profan'd
" My lofty spirit's bliss! Far over all
" The brilliant objects of my rapt'rous love
" Jehovah rose supreme! His sheltering wings
" Offer'd eternal safety. On each side
" New scenes of glory spread. Shouting I hail'd
" My happy lot; I measured joyfully
" My life's duration by eternity;
" My joys I reckon'd by the boundless scale
" Of God's beneficence! All now is gone!
" I too must pass away! No more shall I,
" Adoring, view the Deity; no more
" Sing at the throne of his Eternal Son

" The strains of praise! Oh, that in death's dull sleep
" My spirit might be quench'd!' As thus he spoke,
" Before the throne prostrate to earth he fell,
" Waiting his sentence. Silence still prevail'd
" O'er earth and heav'n, and, as I upward gaz'd,
" Methought I saw the saints on thrones of gold,
" Trembling in expectation of the things
" Which yet should come to pass. With fiery brows
" Death's ministers round Abbadona glar'd,
" While in their tighten'd grasp the thunderbolts
" Hung dark and motionless. Their gaze intense
" At length they turn'd and fix'd upon the Throne."
Here Adam paus'd, absorb'd in silent thought,
Till, as from death awak'd, once more he spoke:
" At last, an echo, as of Jubilee,
" A voice, as from the Father to the Son,
" Descended from the throne. ' Come!' it pronounc'd
" ' Come, Abbadona, to thy pardoning God!'
" Ah, then, more rapid than Devotion's thought,
" Swift as the rushing winds, whose loud career
" Proclaim th' advancing Deity, at once
" The happy Abbadona upward soar'd!
" As tow'rd the throne he flew, still in his eye,

" Now fix'd on God, clearer and brighter shone
" The beauty of his youth. Again Heav'n's peace
" Beam'd in his smiling face. Lo, now no more
" Might Abdiel curb his joy! With breathless speed
" And outstretch'd arms, through Heav'n's bright ranks he flew,
" Shouting his ecstasy. Deep glow'd his cheek,
" His golden crown in glad vibration rung,
" While mute with joy he met and clasp'd his friend.
" But Abbadona from the fond embrace
" Tore him away, and at the throne's bright foot,
" Upon his face in deep prostration sunk.
" Then rose through Heav'n a sob of bursting joy!
" Then from each golden throne the harp's clear swell
" Breath'd its soft music to the Son of God,
" Who died and lives again!

" The throne now blaz'd
" With lustre more intense, shedding a light
" (No more terrific) o'er the boundless plain
" Of Resurrection. Far as eye could reach
" O'er the illimitable space I saw
" Unnumber'd multitudes ascend to Heav'n,

" Shouting in triumph. While aloft they soar'd,
" With joy I hail'd them. But with sudden roar
" Behind me thunders roll'd: I turn'd, and, lo,
" The earth was chang'd! That earth, beneath the curse
" So long defac'd, now fair as Eden bloom'd!
" Ah, then, methought, with tones more melting still
" Creation echoing rung! With softer light
" Glow'd each bright star! Still in my ravish'd ear
" Rung the sphere's music; on my dazzled eye
" Still shone the light of Heav'n, when from yon hill
" I hasten'd mid your circle!" Adam ceas'd.

Pale gleam'd the early morn, a misty veil
Of white and fleecy vapour temper'd soft
The beams of rising day, when on the shore
Of lake Tiberias the Messiah stood.
Soft-breathing Silence slept in peace profound
O'er hill and dale. A solitary boat
Advancing glided slowly o'er the lake
In gentle motion. Peter, at its prow,
Bent o'er his net, while seated on the side
The silver-hair'd Bartholomew appear'd.

The sons of Zebedee were also there;
James, rapt in thoughts of Heav'n; John, musing still
On his beloved Master yet on earth;
Lebbaus pensive o'er the rudder leant;
Nathaniel, too, and Didymus, were there.
As closer to the shore the vessel drew,
The Saviour's form each saw, but knew him not,
And on the Stranger, who thus musing stood
In morning's early hour, all wond'ring gaz'd.
" Have ye no food, my children?" he inquir'd.
In vain had they been fishing all that night;
They had caught nothing. " Cast your net again,"
The Stranger answer'd, " o'er the boat's right side,
" And ye shall have success." Strait they obey'd,
And such was now the multitude of fish,
They could not draw the net. Then Didymus,
Lebbaus then, upon the Stranger gaz'd
With eyes of keen inquiry. But the net
So quickly fill'd with such a wondrous draught,
E'en at the very spot the Stranger said,
Disclos'd to John his Master; and at once,
In tones of joy, he cried — " It is the Lord!"
As Peter heard the words, his naked form

Instant he girt, and leaping in the lake,
Swam hastily to land, burning with hope
To view his Master nearer. He beheld,
And recognis'd the Saviour. In their boat
The rest, meantime, swiftly approach'd the shore,
Dragging the burden'd net; and with mute joy
All saw and knew their Lord. A kindled fire
Already burning on the sands they found:
Fish lay thereon, and bread. Then Jesus spoke —
" Bring ye the fish to land!" With eager zeal
Peter obey'd, and plunging in the sea,
Drew, with his comrades' aid, the swelling net,
Heavy with fish, yet whole in every mesh,
Upon the shore. The huge mass heav'd with life.
" Come ye, and dine!" their gracious Master bade;
And they obey'd, while, seated on the shore,
With mild benignity he offer'd round
To all their food. Thus pass'd the second meal
Which Jesus with his glad disciples held
After that mournful supper, by his death
So soon succeeded. The repast now done,
They rose, and slowly pac'd the level shore.
Then in mild accent thus the Saviour spoke: —

" Simon, thou son of Jonas, lov'st thou me
" Better than these?" Peter with ardour cried —
" Yea, Lord, thou know'st I love thee!" With calm grace
Jesus replied, " Feed, then, my sheep!" He paus'd.
Not long the silence; for again he ask'd — 290
" Simon, thou son of Jonas, lov'st thou me?"
Even through Peter's inmost spirit thrill'd
The doubt implied. " Yea, Lord!" he eager cried,
" Thou know'st I love thee!" — " Feed my sheep!" again
The Saviour answer'd: and again he paus'd.
At length the third time he the silence broke —
" Simon, thou son of Jonas, lov'st thou me?"
His Lord demanded. Sorrow now o'erwhelm'd
Peter's sad heart, and weeping he replied — 299
" O Lord, thou knowest all things! Well thou know'st
" My love to thee!"—" Then, Simon, feed my sheep!"
The Saviour mildly answer'd, and pursued—
" Behold, I tell thee, Peter, in thy youth,
" Thou hast thine own loins girded, and hast walk'd
" Whither thou wouldest: but when age shall come
" Thou shalt stretch forth thine arms; others shall gird,
" And lead thee where they will! Follow thou me!"

As Peter heard, his fervent spirit caught
The hidden myst'ry. He foresaw the death
By which he should his Saviour glorify.
But turning suddenly, he saw behind
The lov'd disciple following; he who leant
On Jesus' bosom at their parting feast;
And Simon eager ask'd — "What, Lord, may be
"His future lot?" Gravely the Saviour said—
"If 'tis my will he tarry till I come,
"What is that will to thee? Follow thou me!"
As thus he spoke he vanish'd from their sight.
"I, I shall follow him!" in triumph's tone
Peter exulting cried. "Led forth, and bound,
"I shall in death resemble him! But, John,
"Thou wilt not die! Behold, immortal life
"He has predicted thee!" — "Nay," answer'd John,
"He said not that!" — "What, then," exclaim'd the rest,
"Might be the import of his parting words?"
Thus of their hopes convers'd the joyful train.

Rumour, meantime, both far and near had spread
The Saviour's resurrection. All had heard

That to his faithful band he had appear'd:
That saints, departed long to Heav'n's blest realm,
Now visited the earth, to testify
The wond'rous truth; that he, of whom all spake,
Was gone to Galilee, as he had said,
Where many still should view him. On all sides
The joyful tidings ran, and those who hop'd
To see their risen Lord with one consent
Gather'd on Tabor. There stood Lazarus,
And cried aloud — "Oh, let us tarry here
"His gracious pleasure! Let us praise his name,
"For, lo, to many will he here display
"The morning beams of his eternity!"
In joyful accents Magdalen exclaim'd —
"See! how the numbers swell! Behold each path,
"Which from yon vale ascends the craggy steep,
"Brings us fresh witnesses! Eager with zeal
"Each staff moves quicker: 'neath their crowding feet
"The dust more densely rises!" While she spoke
The Seventy came. All those, who timidly
Had once forsaken him, with tears approach'd.
The blind, the lame, the deaf, erst heal'd by him,
The dead whom he had rais'd, all now appear'd.

More than five hundred on the mountain's brow
Were thus assembled, when before their sight
Stood the Redeemer! As the breath of Spring
Murmurs within the grove, so gently stole
The whisper'd words, th' ecstatic sob of joy
Among the favour'd witnesses, who thus
Beheld their faith exchang'd for certainty,
Their hope by glorious vision now confirm'd.
With looks unsated and intense they gaz'd
Upon their Lord, while graciously he spoke.
" Behold, all pow'r in Heav'n and earth to me
" My Father has committed! Go ye forth,
" And teach all nations to believe in me,
" To keep my words! Lo, wheresoe'er ye go,
" I will be alway with you! Ye have heard
" That in my Father's glorious house on high
" Are many mansions. Thither I ascend
" Your places to prepare, that where I am
" There ye may also be! Hear my command!
" Love ye each other! As it hated me,
" So will the world hate you. I charge ye, then,
" Love one another! Lo, I leave you peace
" Such as the world hath not, the peace of Heav'n!

" Then weep not, but rejoice !" In words like these
The favour'd witnesses thus heard their Lord
Prepare them for the conflicts which on earth
Soon should await them, and exalt their thoughts
To life eternal. But as thus he spoke,
He disappear'd. While ecstasy then sunk
To calmer joy, to cheerfulness, to peace,
They saw near that blest spot, where stood the Lord,
The boy Nephthoa, stretch'd as if asleep
On the green turf. They strove to waken him,
But no — the happy child repos'd in death !
" Oh, haste ye," Laz'rus cried, " collect fresh flow'rs !
" I will prepare his grave !" All then dispers'd
To gather flow'rs; while close beside the boy
A little hillock rose, which o'er his corse
Soon should be strew'd: that scanty dole of earth,
The portion of all flesh, when dust to dust
Once more returns. They laid the smiling boy
Within his narrow grave; strew'd o'er him light
His earthy cov'ring, and from their full hands,
Upon the spot thus sown with Life's ripe seed,
Scatter'd their fresh-cull'd flow'rs. The rites perform'd,
All quitted Tabor. Many, as they went

Turn'd yet, and gaz'd upon that little mound
So gaily deck'd with flow'rs: but their clear eyes
No sadness dimm'd; the child, all knew, in death
Had found eternal treasure, endless life!
All now resolv'd the plains of Galilee
Again to leave, and tow'rds Jerusalem
They took their way rejoicing, yet in tears.
For o'er their souls a dark sensation stole,
That soon they should no more behold on earth
Their Master's form; that he would shortly go
To Heav'n, his seat of glory, while through chains,
Through stripes, and death, they must his steps pursue,
Ere they should share his bliss. In silence sunk,
Lebbaus strove his anguish to repress,
To chase the woe, which, as a gloomy cloud,
Hung o'er his darken'd soul. Vain the attempt!
His grief at length found utt'rance, and he cried—
" Ah, bitter is the parting, keen the pang
" Of separation, when no term is fix'd
" To meet again! Yes, sharp must be his grief
" Who stays on earth, e'en though his friend be gone
" To bliss eternal! To its inmost core

" Well may my spirit shudder; for, alas!
" Veil'd in Futurity's dark womb, the hour,
" When we again shall see our Lord, lies hid!"
Thus mourn'd Lebbaus.

In Jerusalem
All now assembling, as with one consent
Resolv'd to seek once more that mournful spot,
Where in Gethsemane's lone garden lay
The world's Redeemer, stretch'd before his Judge
In agonising prayer, on that sad night,
His last on earth. Nor was the impulse theirs,
But by their Lord inspir'd! Lo, suddenly,
Amidst them, as they left the wall-girt town,
Jesus appear'd! Silent he led the way;
His train pursued his steps. Still steeper grew
Th' ascent of Olivet; the city's bulk
Seem'd to retire; the mountain's forked height
More rugged frown'd. Still silent was the Lord.
His awe-struck follow'rs spoke in whispers low
Their few but sad remarks. All now believ'd
They in his mien trac'd signals which proclaim'd

He was about to leave them. Oft they stopp'd
With heavy hearts; oft look'd with tearful eyes
Tow'rds Golgotha. More willingly their gaze
Rested upon the sepulchre; for thence,
Their Master to his weeping friends again
Living had come. The mem'ry thus renew'd,
Solac'd their hearts.

Meantime, the deep-cleft heights
Of lofty Olivet, by heavenly troops
Invisible were cover'd. Marshall'd there,
The seraphim who serv'd the Lord on earth,
E'en from his birth-night hour in Bethl'em's vale,
To this, his day of glory, stood around
In anxious expectation to be join'd
By that blest train whom now their Master led
To witness his ascension. As its brow
Some ancient cedar rears on Lebanon
Above the rest, so mid th' angelic host
Gabriel majestic tower'd. Each gaz'd below,
And saw the Lord advance, beheld his train,
With feelings chequer'd between joy and grief,

Follow his steps. With deeper brilliancy
Then shone Eloa: he, supreme and chief
Of earth's celestial guardians, of that earth
So long beneath the curse! Lo, she had now
Heard tones of blessing! Mute was now the voice
Of that dread curse in storms and thunder erst
So loudly o'er her spoken! She had heard
From Golgotha her Saviour's mighty cry,
"It is accomplish'd!" and Eloa mus'd
Upon the wondrous past, till Heav'n's own light
Stream'd from his brow. The Seraph's thought then soar'd
E'en to that moment, when some heav'nly youth
Should offer to his hand the awful trump
Of Resurrection, that with its loud blast
He might to judgment wake the sleeping dead.
Upon the topmost height of Olivet
Jesus now stood. A gentle breezy air
Broke the soft stillness of the early hour,
Fanning, with murmur light, the burning brows
Of that half-joyful, half-dejected train,
Who still upon the earth the burden wore
Of frail mortality. Full in the midst

Stood God's Eternal Son, his awful form
With beauty beaming! Never, to the eyes
Of human witnesses, ne'er, while on earth,
Had the Messiah glorious thus appear'd
To Heav'n's angelic host. Erect he stood
In majesty, no mortal voice may speak,
No lyre may sing, no human thought may reach!
Far as the ken of finite eye might spread,
From sphere to sphere, from rolling pole to pole,
From each remotest star's expiring ray,
The countless spirits which in varied forms
Of air, of earth, of fire, of vapour light,
Or human shape, were cloth'd, fix'd their keen gaze
On Him, the great Accomplisher! Their ranks,
Their countless multitudes, Eloa view'd,
And prostrate to the earth the Seraph fell,
Casting his starry crown before His feet
Who had accomplish'd thus his mighty work!

The Saviour on the mountain's summit stood,
And stretching forth his hand, with looks of love
Thus to his followers spoke his parting charge: —

" Leave not Jerusalem! Tarry ye there
" The promise of the Father, which by me
" Ye have already heard announc'd. Lo, John
" Baptiz'd with water, but ere long shall ye
" Receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost!" —
" Lord," they exclaim'd, " wilt thou not now restore
" Israel's lost kingdom?" — " Seek ye not to learn,"
The Saviour answer'd, " those mysterious things
" Known to the Father only! Ask ye not
" Of times and seasons in his pow'r alone!
" But wait ye in this city! Strength divine
" Soon shall the Holy Spirit o'er your souls
" Abundant shed. Then in Jerusalem
" Shall ye my witness bear, nor there alone,
" But through Judea, through Samaria's bounds,
" E'en to the utmost limits of the earth!"
As thus the Saviour spoke, nearer he drew,
And, while with lifted hands, he cast on them
A mild and gracious glance — " Blessed be ye!"
In gentle tones he cried — " Blessed of God!
" He will preserve and keep you! He will cause
" His face to shine on you, and give you peace!"

Thus the Messiah bless'd them. Hear, ye Heav'ns!
Oh listen, Earth! and ye, Man's ransom'd race!
For now on earth the Saviour's task is o'er;
He has accomplish'd all! Behold, the clouds
Sink to receive him! Lo, their fleecy wings
Bear him to heav'n! Long, with amazement mute,
With tear-dimm'd eyes, the witnesses pursued
His upward flight. Long after Him they gaz'd,
The Crucified, the Risen, with deep awe,
With feelings we, e'en we on earth may share,
When we shall see him in the clouds again,
Judge of the World! Now saw they him no more:
But, lo, two men in white apparel stood
At once before them! The resplendent shapes
Were Gabriel and Eloa, who, while yet
Th' amaz'd disciples scarce for wonder heard
Their first address, in silver tones exclaim'd: —
" Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye thus
" Gazing in wonder upward to the sky?
" Behold, this Jesus, whom ye now have seen
" Ascend to heav'n, shall thence again to earth
" Come in like manner!" As the angels spake,
They turn'd and vanish'd. Full of joy and praise

Th' apostles now descending from the Mount
Enter'd Jerusalem. Assembled there,
Oft in the Temple, in their lowly homes,
In pray'r they waited for that Gift divine,
The promise of the Father, in whose strength
They soon should testify their Master's truth.
They tarried till the Heav'nly Comforter
Should pour on them His sacrament of fire!

Far o'er the clouds th' Eternal Son of God,
By shouting hosts surrounded, upward soar'd,
Through heav'n's bright pathway to the throne of God.
Before him Gabriel flew on glitt'ring wings,
His glossy hair stream'd fluttering back, while loud
Thus to his harp he sung:—"Breathe soft, ye strings,
"Your falt'ring tones! 'Tis the Redeemer's praise,
"Ah, who shall sing it? Lo, Eternity
"Echoes the theme! Yes, from Eternity,
"Before the worlds, ere day or night had been,
"Before the cherubim yet glancing shone
"In starry lustre, was thy death decreed,
"Eternal Son of God!

" Behold in gore,
" Its bones unbroken, lay the Paschal Lamb!
" With blood and hyssop Israel's sons in haste
" Sprinkled their doors! Ah, woe to him, whose gate
" That sign protected not, when o'er Earth's face
" Night spread her gloomy mantle! On she came!
" Down the Destroyer soar'd on silent wing,
" And hover'd sternly o'er the Egyptian stream:
" Then sunk with heavy sound each falling corse,
" Loud rose the cry of woe! From Pharaoh's throne,
" E'en to the captive's dungeon, pale in death
" Fell every first-born. Dead, before their face
" Parents beheld their children, husbands, wives!
" None scap'd the stroke! Prone 'neath the wondering beast
" Dropp'd its young suckling. Goshen's fields alone
" Heard but the song of praise, the whisper'd tones
" Of weeping gratitude! Their blood-stain'd doors
" Her sons protected!"

Here, with Gabriel's voice,
Mingled a sound of trumpets loud and clear;
While thus, as on they flew, alternate choirs

Of flaming cherubim prolong'd the strain.
" Lo, at the Lord's command, the sea stood still!
" Then, from the cloud which guided day and night
" His chosen people, forth th' Almighty look'd,
" And troubled Pharaoh's host! Down in the deep
" Sunk horse and man. Tyrant! Behold thy grave
" Is in the sea! Thy harness'd steeds are sunk!
" Thy brazen chariots in the mighty waves
" Like lead have plung'd! The waters cover thee!"

Now sung another flaming choir the fate
Of Korah and Abiram:—" Hark!" they cried,
" Oh, hear that shriek of anguish! That low groan
" Struggling through clouds of dust, which strives in vain
" To rise tow'rd heav'n! Lo, how it dying sinks
" To silence yet more fearful than the moan
" Which feebly spoke of living agony!"

Then of the fall of Jericho they sung:—
" Lo, the portentous warning loud was heard
" From Israel's trumpets, while her silent hosts
" Compass'd the city! But the day of death

" Drew darkly on: with thunder's deaf'ning roar
" Prostrate at once in dust fell Jericho!"

Now softer rung the strain:—" Behold," they cried,
" The stripling shepherd! See him boldly meet
" His giant foe! Thy God, O Judah, thus
" Exalts thy youthful son, and on his brow
" Binds a gold diadem! Lo, David saw
" Afar the promis'd Saviour; joyful psalms
" Burst from his lips; the happy echoes reach'd
" E'en to the gates of heav'n, and there proclaim'd
" The praises of his Saviour and his God!"

Then sung another choir:—" Before Heav'n's throne,
" With faces veil'd, Isaiah saw us stand—
" 'Oh, holy, holy, holy, is the Lord!'
" The Prophet heard us cry; while at our voice
" The Temple shook! Lo, to the favour'd Seer
" Futurity unveil'd! Inspir'd he cries—
" 'Tyrant, the virgin Zion laughs to scorn
" Thy empty menace: she despises thee!
" Behold the daughter of Jerusalem
" But shakes her head at thee! Whom do thy words defy?

" Against whom art thou come? The Lord of Hosts,
" The Holy One of Israel! Tyrant, fly!
" Haste thee, Sennacherib, haste and adore
" Nisroch thine idol!' Still o'er Zion's mount
" The Prophet's threat'ning accents sternly rang,
" When, lo, th' Eternal Foot already rose
" To stamp their doom! Bloodily gleam'd the dawn
" O'er the mute camp. Behold, th' Assyrian host
" As corses strew'd the earth — their king was fled!"

Only discernible to seraph's eye
Darkly on earth, which far beneath their feet
Through ether roll'd, dim lay Jerusalem.
The Angel of Destruction gaz'd on her,
Then to Gehenna's valley turn'd his glance;
And while in distant thunders rung the blast
Of Woe's sad trumpet, with a dismal clang,
Like Ocean roaring through her hollow caves,
Thus the dread Angel cried: — " Go down, go down!
" City of God! Perish mid shrieks of war,
" Wreath'd in black smoke, devour'd by streaming fire!
" Alas, God hurls thee from him! Sink, oh sink,
" City of God, in ruins! Hark, thy Lord

" Pronounc'd the death-word! Lo, the hosts of Rome
" Haste to fulfil it! See, with greedy eye
" Tow'rd the dead corse the eagle wings her flight!
" The glances of the chief, by God decreed
" To execute his wrath, already burn
" With vengeance! O'er thy site with trembling hand
" Ploughmen shall scatter salt: for on thy lines
" The Lord hath laid the measure of his wrath!
" He bids thy foes shout triumph, and the blast
" Of their victorious trumpets loud obey!
" Oh, blood-demanding Judah! Thine own voice
" Hath call'd the curse from Heav'n's eternal throne!
" 'Give us the Saviour's blood!' thy lips exclaim'd,
" Still louder cried thy deeds. Lo, Rome has heard!
" Perish devoted City!" Th' Angel ceas'd.

Now, o'er the shining path still upward soar'd
The bright procession. Ether's boundless sea
Stream'd with a dazzling flood of sheeted light.
The thick'ning stars, by cluster'd thousands, roll'd
In glorious pavement! The cherubic choirs
Gaz'd with fresh joy; loud burst their jubilee
Ringing with Triumph's clangour through the sky!

" Earth, Suns, and Planets, shout your Maker's praise!
" Echo it back, ye Stars! The Saviour's praise!
" Lo, Nature's song of gratitude in vain
" Must strive to reach his glory! Yet to Him
" Who call'd thy wonders forth, glad Nature, sing!
" See! on the wings of triumph Christ ascends
" To share his Father's throne! Behold he mounts
" With vict'ry crown'd! Oh, wave your deathless palms,
" Ye heav'nly hosts! Say, Angels, what is He,
" Who, cloth'd in splendour, treads these star-pav'd heights;
" Before whose feet the planets stay their course,
" Th' abyss yet deeper sinks? Say, who is He?"—
" Lo, it is He, who thirsted on the cross:
" Who died the death of love on Golgotha,
" Forsaken by his God! And, hark! Oh, hark!
" The voice of Sin is mute! Before God's throne
" No longer hear we its accusing cry
" Ring in our ears! Silenc'd for ever now,
" No more for everlasting death its call
" Incessant pleads! Oh, fearful was its sound,
" And Judgment's ear was open — but, behold,

" The record of Man's guilt is blotted out !
" From Golgotha's red altar rose the words —
" ' It is accomplish'd !' and accusing Sin
" Knew the dread thunder of the Son of God,
" And held her peace !"

Still on the triumph soar'd,
And pass'd that planet, where a guiltless race
Their immortality of bliss enjoy'd.
High o'er their heads the bright procession flew,
And each blest habitant beheld the pomp,
Saw the Redeemer. Drawn in groups they stood;
Which, still increasing, soon by thousands swell'd
To countless multitudes. All eyes were rais'd
In gaze ecstatic. High among them stood
Their venerable Sire, and as his knee
He bent in rev'rence — " Hail, oh, hail !" he cried,
" Mighty Accomplisher !" His countless sons,
Kneeling around him, multiplied the cry,
Till mountain answer'd mountain; grove to grove
Echoed the salutation !

To the host,
Still upward soaring in triumphal pomp,

Th' Eternal Throne now far remote appear'd,
Shrouded in sacred darkness. Then their wings
The seraphim before their faces drew;
While the majestic brow of Him, who late
Bled upon Golgotha, with light divine
Yet more intensely beam'd. Mute were all lips
In solemn pause. Then sudden burst again
The choral symphony: — " Yes, with your harps,
" With trumpets, and with voices, follow Him,
" Ye hosts of light, e'en to his Father's Throne!
" Oh, follow Jesus, God's Eternal Son!
" Human, and merciful is He — his love
" Earth's blood-stain'd altar loudly testifies!
" In his Redemption's work alone he trod
" The gloomy path of wrath, thy fearful wrath,
" Father Omnipotent! Behold how high
" God hath exalted him! To him, henceforth,
" (Him, e'en in deep abasement, Lord of all,)
" Each creature's knee in earth and heav'n shall bow!
" Oh, then, with harps, with trumpets, follow Him,
" Ye hosts of light, e'en to his Father's Throne!
" Yes, follow Jesus, God's Eternal Son!
" Omnipotent is he — his pow'r divine

" The thunder's voice proclaims ! Ye cherubim,
" In dazzling choirs, and ye, salvation's heirs,
" Shout your hosannas through the realms of light !
" Christ ! Son of God ! Thou Suff'rer, stretch'd so late
" In the dark grave ! Lo, to thy Father's throne,
" Cloth'd with omnipotence, we see thee soar !"

. . . .

Th' exulting train now to the Heav'n of heav'ns
So near approach'd, that in its majesty
Jehovah's Throne unveil'd before them blaz'd.
When first the Angels of the Throne had view'd
Th' advancing pomp, in silence had they gaz'd :
But soon their wonder burst in shouts of joy.
None, e'en of highest seraphim, had known
The hour, when Victor over Sin and Death
Christ should ascend to Heav'n : when, lo, they heard,
Soft mingling with the distant harmonies
Of each remoter sphere, the strains of joy
Louder and louder swell ! From hill to hill
Cherubic voices now were heard to shout—
" Lo, the Messiah comes !" Each heav'nly grove
Rung with the answer — " The Messiah comes !"

From Light's remotest beam the echo spread,
E'en to the cloud-veil'd sanctuary of God.
" Messiah !" was the cry. So loud it rung,
Heav'n's vocal woods, her murm'ring rivulets,
The gentle dashing of her crystal sea,
In the triumphal acclamation's shout
Were heard no more. But when the utmost verge
Of those bright limits wherein suns may roll,
Jesus, the great Redeemer, had o'erpass'd,
And trod the heav'ns, off threw the seraphim
Their shining crowns ! With joy intense, but mute,
They strew'd the lofty path with glitt'ring palms !

The Saviour reach'd the throne. Yet stiller reign'd
The solemn silence; hush'd the trumpet's voice;
Th' attendant angels stopp'd, and prostrate sunk
In speechless worship. Gabriel knelt alone
On the Throne's lowest step, and upward gaz'd : —
His form, amid the blaze of streaming light,
Scarce visible.

Behold, the Infinite,
Th' exalted One, whom all shall recognise,

Whom all shall praise; for whose abundant love
Tears of unceasing gratitude shall flow:
The Merciful, the gracious Mediator
'Twixt God and Man, now in his Father's love
Was fully glorified! Yes! He, on earth
The Victim for the sins of guilty man,
The Crucified, the Risen, Jesus Christ,
The Mediator, the Merciful — He now
Was glorified with God! The Heav'n of heav'ns
Beheld the Father! On th' Eternal Son
The Heav'n of heavens gaz'd! While God's high throne
Jesus ascended, and on the right hand,
By his Almighty Father, took his seat.

My task is ended! Saviour, I have sung
Thy Covenant of Mercy: I have trod
My fearful path, and thou hast pardon'd me
The wand'rings of my steps! Begin my harp
Thy strain of gratitude! Begin! begin!
My heart is full of everlasting thanks;
I weep for joy! Behold, I ask no meed!

With angels' bliss have I been recompens'd
While I have sung. My soul's most secret spring
Has thrill'd beneath the theme. Oft from my eyes
Have vanish'd heav'n and earth: oft, when my flight
No longer on the Tempest's wing has soar'd,
The gentle whisper of immortal life,
Soft as the breath of Spring, has solac'd me.
Oh, he who owns not that in Feeling's tide,
Language must fail — he knows not gratitude!
I am rewarded! I have seen the tears
Shed by the earliest Christians: I may dare
Gaze on their happiness beyond the grave!
With human bliss, too, am I recompens'd.
Lord, vainly should I seek to hide from thee
My heart's ambition! Loud, in early youth,
Its pulses thrill'd; in age maturer, still
With curb'd, but constant energy they beat.
" If there be any virtue, any praise,
" Think on these things!" That sacred guide I chose.
The holy flame burn'd bright, and beacon'd forth
Ambition's noblest path! Yes, 'twas that light,
Which, while Earth mingled her enchanted cup,
Oft rous'd me from the draught; awak'd me oft

To taste celestial joys! With silver tones
These joys themselves have call'd me. Oft their voice,
As if with thunders mingled, have I heard
Retrace the mem'ry of each happier hour
To virtue and devotion wisely giv'n.
Lo, I have reach'd my goal! The stirring thought
Thrills through my spirit! Thine all-powerful arm,
My Lord, my God, alone has guided me
By more than one dark grave, ere I might reach
That distant goal! Thou, Lord, hast heal'd me still:
Hast shed fresh courage o'er my sinking heart
Which held with Death its near companionship;
And if I gaz'd on terrors, their dark shapes
Still disappear'd, for thou protectedst me!
Swiftly they vanish'd!

Saviour, I have sung
Thy Covenant of Mercy! I have trod
My fearful path! My hope hath been in thee!

ABRIDGMENTS.

CANTO VIII.

Line

263. 12 lines, in Adam's prayer, are omitted.

456. 3 lines omitted. This planet is described to have been inhabited by human souls before their birth.

516. 56 lines omitted. Uriel is supposed to conduct these unborn souls to Golgotha. Eve perceives their approach, and addresses them.

CANTO IX.

140. 17 lines omitted. Peter meets Andrew.

222. 212 lines omitted. Abraham, Moses, and Isaac converse. A troop of spirits just released by death from their bodies are brought to the cross by a cherub. His address to them. The guardian angels of Mary and John converse.

CANTO X.

Line

69. 3 lines } omitted, in the Saviour's prayer.
72. 7 lines }

164. 5½ lines ditto.

178. 372 lines ditto. The Saviour gazes on the unborn souls. One of them, transported, speaks. The moment of their birth is supposed to arrive, and their guardian angels receive the charge. The names and histories of the following are detailed: — Timothy, Antipas, Hermas, Phœbe, Herodian, Epaphras, Persis, Apelles, Flavius Clemens, Lucius, Tryphena, Linus, Ignatius, Claudia, Amplias, Phlegon, Tryphosa, and Erastus. As they leave Golgotha they are perceived and greeted by Simeon, and John the Baptist, between whom a conversation ensues. Deborah and Miriam then chant in alternate responses.

358. 11 lines omitted. Seth speaks.

398. 12 lines omitted. Job speaks.

432. 4½ lines omitted.

462. 138 lines are in different places omitted throughout this prayer of Adam's.

CANTO XI.

214. 34 lines omitted. The disciples of Moses repair to their graves. Adam speaks.

270. 12 lines omitted. Enoth, Seth, Mahaleel, Jared, Kenan, Methuselah, and Lamech, rise.

Line

278. 6 lines omitted.

287. 11 lines omitted. Abraham speaks.

291. 14 lines omitted. Isaac, Sarah, and Rachel, speak.

297. 25 lines omitted. Jacob speaks.

303. 4½ lines omitted.

335. 248 lines ditto. Rachel continues her speech. Joseph relates his history to Samed, an infant spirit, and they converse together till Joseph's body rises. The bodies of Melchisedeck, Azariah, Mishael, Hananiah, and Habbakuk, rise.

341. 67 lines omitted. Daniel, Jeremiah, Amos, and Job, rise. Here, in the original, is placed the passage containing the death of the penitent thief, but in order to preserve unbroken the series of the saints who left their graves, the above passage is reserved in the translation to form the end of the Canto. Passing it over, therefore, an omission then occurs of

648 lines. These describe the rising of Moses, David, Asa, Jehoshaphat, Uzziah, Jotham, Josiah. The demon-idol, Nisroch, is supposed to be compelled to bring the soul of Sennacherib to the tomb of Hezekiah, whose body then rises in their sight. David repairs to Kish, and there witnesses the rising of Jonathan. They converse. The bodies of Gideon, Elisha, Deborah, Miriam, Ezekiel, Asnath, Joshua, and the daughter of Jephtha, rise. The seven martyred brethren, together with their mother, Thirza, rise, but remain invisible to Semida and Jethro, two mortals, who are supposed to be visiting their sepul-

Line

chre. Darda, Ethan, Chalcol, and Heman, four friends, arise. Then Anna, the prophetess. The body of Benoni, the son of Samma, rises without being perceived by Joel, who is lamenting at his grave. The body of Simeon also rises without being perceived by his brother and grandson, who are seated on the tomb.

357. 14 lines omitted.

370. 3 lines ditto.

405. 27 lines ditto. The repentant criminal gazes on the Saviour's body, and speaks.

448. 36 lines omitted, in the prayer of the above penitent.

453. 11 lines ditto.

CANTO XII.

Comprising the 12th and 13th Cantos of the original.

48. 6½ lines omitted.

75. 4½ lines ditto.

100. 13 lines ditto. Eve speaks.

126. 18 lines omitted.

146. 17 lines ditto. Moses speaks.

166. 5 lines omitted.

183. 8 lines ditto.

191. 5 lines ditto.

192. 4 lines ditto.

210. 3½ lines ditto.

231. 41 lines ditto. Magdalen and the Virgin Mary converse.

Line

240. 3 lines omitted.

244. 5 lines ditto.

252. 7 lines ditto.

253 31 lines ditto. Joseph of Arimathea brings the crown of thorns to the mother of the Lord.

293. 3 lines omitted.

301. 20 lines ditto.

333. 11 lines ditto.

349. 6 lines ditto.

367. 4 lines ditto.

383. 15 lines ditto.

414. 8 lines ditto.

464. 10½ lines ditto.

478. 23 lines ditto.

480. 4 lines ditto.

486. 6 lines ditto.

494. 8½ lines ditto.

540. 6 lines ditto.

553. 59 lines ditto. The guardian angels of John and Mary converse. John sleeps, and his angel inspires a dream.

579. 142 lines omitted. Conversations between the Angel of Death, Gabriel, Abraham, David, Asaph, Joseph, and Benjamin.

595. 42 lines omitted. Ezekiel and Daniel speak.

605. 6 lines omitted.

611. 14 lines ditto.

653. 40 lines ditto.
661. 21 lines ditto. } Cneus speaks.

Line

666. 86 lines omitted. The spirit of Mary, the sister of Lazarus, comes to Christ's sepulchre, and there converses with Benoni.

686. 4 lines omitted.

716. 3½ lines ditto.

722. 9 lines ditto.

784. 3 lines ditto.

794. 86 lines ditto. Hymns of Adam and Eve.

800. 3½ lines omitted.

831. 161 lines ditto. The seven martyred brethren, the spirit of Mary, Benoni, &c. &c. speak.

841. 6½ lines omitted.

CANTO XIII.

Which answers to the 14th Canto of the original.

26. 9 lines omitted.

165. 5½ lines ditto.

216. 4 lines ditto.

231. 6 lines ditto.

295. 3 lines ditto.

332. 3 lines ditto.

440. 12½ lines ditto. Peter's guardian angel speaks.

573. 3 lines omitted.

659. 5 lines ditto.

783. 6½ lines ditto.

805. 9 lines ditto.

831. 3 lines ditto.

873. 3 lines ditto.

Line

878. 5 lines omitted.

881. 8 lines ditto.

888. 12 lines ditto.

951. 7 lines ditto.

985. 174 lines ditto. Thomas, continuing to speak, is interrupted by a voice which proves to be that of the risen Joseph; who, however, after some conversation, leaves him still in uncertainty.

994. 4 lines omitted.

1017. 6½ lines ditto.

1028. 3 lines ditto.

1064. 34 lines ditto. Discourse between Lebbaus and Matthias.

1066. 25 lines omitted. Discourse between Peter, Cleopas, &c.

1084. 4 lines omitted.

1171. 3½ lines ditto.

1200. 21 lines ditto. Peter addresses Christ, who answers him.

1202. 3 lines omitted. Gabriel appears, and speaks.

CANTO XIV.

Comprising the 15th and 17th Cantos of the original.

36. 4 lines omitted.

39. 18 lines ditto. Adam addresses the risen saints.

47. 6 lines omitted.

49. 51 lines ditto. Nephthoa's prayer.

56. 5 lines omitted.

Line

79. 13 lines omitted.

85. 7 lines ditto.

97. 129 lines ditto. Thirza appears to Dilean, an imaginary character.

99. 6 lines omitted.

123. 10½ lines ditto.

167. 57 lines ditto. The death of Cidli, the wife of Goder, is described. Both are imaginary characters, and the scene is broken off by an allusion to the death of Klopstock's wife.

211. 4 lines omitted.

213. 8 lines ditto.

233. 6 lines ditto.

239. 123 lines ditto. While Barnabas, Ananias, and Sapphira are walking together, Elisha and John the Baptist place themselves in the way under the forms of a blind and a lame man. Barnabas gives alms willingly, but Ananias bestows them with reluctance. To the latter, therefore, no farther appearance is vouchsafed, but the former is followed by John the Baptist, who finally displays to him his real form.

251. 13 lines omitted.

258. 5 lines ditto. Together with Rachel, Jemima the daughter of Job is supposed to appear to Portia. As this multiplication, however, seems rather to weaken than increase the effect, the name of Jemima, and all that relates to her is omitted throughout the passage.

268. 68 lines are, for the same reason, left out at different places in this interview.

Line

350. 142 lines omitted. Job appears to Beor, the supposed name of the man who was born blind.

389. 10½ lines omitted.

400. 30 lines ditto. The reply of Abraham, and of Moses who is supposed to accompany him, to Gabriel.

412. 80 lines omitted. Elkanan, the brother of Simeon, and Boaz his grandson, are described as being with Samma and Joel. To these, Simeon, and Mary, sister of Lazarus, are supposed to appear with Benoni; but Elkanan, Simeon, Boaz, and Mary are omitted for the reasons given above, in these 80 lines which are left out at different places throughout the interview.

474. 130 lines omitted. Eve appears to the Virgin Mary: — they chant in alternate responses.

574. 32 lines omitted. In these, which are omitted at different parts of the interview, the stranger requests Semida to assist three men, old, wounded, and blind. Cidli's mother, who had accompanied her some part of the way, returns home.

The whole of the 16th Canto of the original is omitted in the translation. It contains an account of a judgment, which Christ is supposed to hold on Mount Tabor. Many imaginary characters appear, and receive their respective sentences. Christ is then supposed to descend to Hell. The fiends are filled with terror, and in their confusion attack each other. The Messiah leaves them.

722. 297 lines omitted. In these lines the Saviour is supposed to descend to the spirits of those who perished in the

Line

deluge, upon whom he holds a particular judgment. Some are consequently released from their prison; the rest remain. The boy Nephthoa then conducts nine of his young companions to Christ's sepulchre, where they meet several of the disciples. To these suddenly appear Asnath, Deborah, Jedidoth, Isaac, Rachel, Joseph, Isaiah, Abraham, Job, John Baptist, Seth, &c. &c. &c. They converse together and sing, till at length the saints disappear.

742. 3 lines omitted,

743. 14 lines ditto.

746. 3 lines ditto.

754. 94 lines ditto. Together with these friends of Lazarus arrive many imaginary characters, who, after conversing respectively with their different companions, are, one by one, suddenly transformed into radiant shapes, and disappear.

756. 23 lines omitted. Part of the discourse of Lazarus.

778. 217 lines omitted. The spirit of Mary hovers over her tomb, and speaks to Lazarus, who, however, is not aware of her presence. Many other saints appear among the company, as before described, and upon their transformation vanish.

CANTO XV.

Comprising the 18th, 19th, and 20th Cantos of the original.

76. 649 lines omitted. Adam here gives a description of a vast variety of imaginary characters who receive their

Line

sentences, some in groups, some singly. Multitudes are rewarded, and multitudes punished in different ways.

83. 115 lines omitted. The same subject continued. In the passage which immediately follows this last omission, a set of impious monarchs, in the original, are hurled to their final doom. The translation represents them merely as the wicked in general.

103. 95 lines omitted. The same subject continued.

156. 23 lines omitted. In Abbadona's prayer, at different places.

211. 28 lines omitted. Abbadona speaks.

218. 5 lines omitted.

248. 12 lines ditto.

324. 8 lines ditto.

326. 10 lines ditto.

337. 7 lines ditto.

341. 59 lines ditto. The Virgin Mother, and Magdalen, chant alternately.

347. 39 lines omitted. The same.

351. 48 lines ditto. The names of those who came to Tabor — their discourses. Mary's hymn.

353. 133 lines omitted. After some discourse, Lazarus administers the sacrament to those assembled on Tabor.

370. 22 lines omitted.

401. 135 lines ditto. The apostles and the seventy descend from Tabor. Their conversation. The Messiah appears again, first to James, afterwards to the rest, and pronounces again the prayer contained in the 4th Canto.

Line

404. 74 lines omitted. John sleeps, and has a vision of the approaching day of Pentecost.

423. 8 lines omitted.

512. 3 lines ditto.

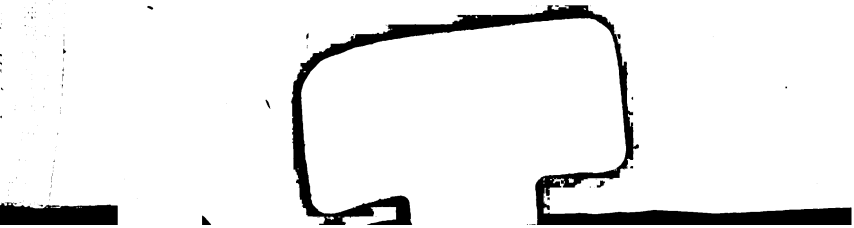
564 934 lines are omitted at various places from hence to the end of the poem. They consist of additional odes sung by the angels, by Deborah, Miriam, &c. &c. The chief of these odes describe the pride and fall of Assyria in the words of Isaiah; the overthrow of Babylon, of Elam, of Egypt, &c. &c. and contain the history and fate of the seven churches of Asia, according to St. John's Revelation.

THE END.

LONDON:
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,
New-Street-Square.

H'y
LD

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

form 419